

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

April 1907

No 6



"I love him! I love him! Pity me,
oh! pity me!" see "St. Elmo".

Published at Augusta, Maine

COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

SUBSCRIPTION.

United States and Cuba, 15c. per year.
England, Canada, and foreign countries, 32c.

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Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,

as second-class mail matter.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

W. H. GANNETT, Incorporated,

Augusta, Maine.

New York Office, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg.

April, 1907

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Crumbs of Comfort

Apology is egotism wrong-side out.

Loss of sincerity is loss of vital power.

Society is no comfort to one not sociable.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,

Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.

—Cowper.

Some men are born to feast and not to fight.
The measure of life is not length, but honesty.
Men prize the thing ungained more than it is.

Wise men argue causes, and fools decide them.

I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere.

—Cornwall.

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.

We only faintly relish the felicity that costs us nothing.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.

The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul.

The afflictions to which we are accustomed do not disturb us.

O sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood?
Be sometimes lovely like a bride
And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good.

—Tennyson.

He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion.

There is nothing so foolish and discouraging as to anticipate misfortune.

Who stabs your name would stab your person, if he were not a coward.

Silently, like thoughts that come and go, the snowflakes fall, each one a gem.

No author is as moral as his books, and no preacher as pious as his sermons.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; a spendthrift grows poor by seeming rich.

Temporal things are sweet in the expectation; things eternal are sweeter in the realization.

This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity,
Few are the faults we flatter when alone;
By night an atheist half-believes a God.

—Young's Night Thoughts.

Think when you are enraged at anyone what would be your feelings if you should die during the dispute.

There are no greater wretches in the world than many of those whom people in general take to be happy.

We never know a greater character than our own, until something congenial to it has grown up within ourselves.

He is incapable of a truly good action who knows not the pleasure in contemplating the good actions of others.

Our companions please us less from the charms we find in their conversation than from those they find in ours.

A Few Words by the Editor

The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

—Lucy Larcom.

AMINISTER in Pittsburgh being dissatisfied with the methods employed by his congregation to obtain money for his salary, decided to go into the mills and work as a laborer. It appears that the members of his congregation had been trying to raise funds for his salary by getting up suppers, and other similar schemes. We think the minister took a manly and sensible course in this matter. It is a protest against a form of raising money for church purposes which we hardly think commendable. When a minister of God has to be supported by ice-cream scrambles, pink-tea socials, and strawberry festivals, his self-respect must suffer, and his holy office and ministry lose caste with the world at large. Sincere Christians should have too much respect for their religion and church to let their pastor's salary go unpaid, as is often the case. People who will squander two dollars on a theater ticket will break their hearts if they have to drop a dime when the plate is passed on Sunday. People should set aside a certain sum for the support of their church just as they set aside a certain sum for the rent of their house, but unfortunately money for church support is thought of last of all, and as a result there is no money left for this the most vitally necessary of all things. Hence all sorts of schemes have to be put into execution to raise funds for the minister's salary.

Usually lack of church funds is caused by thoughtlessness, and by neglect on the part of church congregations to realize their duty to their minister and their Creator, in the matter of providing means for churchwork and support. Remember the root of the whole trouble lies in this: The men do not go to church as they should, and church support is left almost entirely to women and women in the majority of cases have to depend on their husbands for their funds, and after house expenses have been provided for and the children clothed, there is little money left for churchwork, and women are forced, if they are to have any church or minister at all, to resort to all sorts of schemes and methods to get money from the public. No church can do good work, unless it is on a sound financial basis, and no minister can put his heart into his work when his salary is behind, and he is unable to meet his bills. We advise all of our readers who are church members to take this little talk to heart, and do their part for the honor and glory of God, and his church on earth.

A movement has at last been started by the Society of Social Service to stop the terrible waste of life, which daily takes place in every field of industrial work in this country. There has been an exposition held recently in New York, at which all manner of devices for safeguarding human life, and protecting the toiler at his work were on exhibition. In Europe the governments took up this matter, and every possible precaution is taken, and every known device is used to protect human life in mine, factory and workshop. Human life here, unfortunately is held cheap. It has become a byword in this country that it is cheaper to kill men than to protect them, and so the fearful slasher goes unchecked.

Dr. Josiah Strong, who has ever been a power in all movements for public betterment makes this terrifying statement: "On the basis of the annual mortality rate reported by the government in 1900, there will be 575,000 killed every ten years, besides some 5,000,000 injured. This is like massacring every inhabitant in three cities of the size of Indianapolis, Kansas City, and Denver every ten years, or mangling and maiming every man, woman and child in the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Nebraska, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, and Oklahoma, and doing it every ten years. There are 575,000 people in the United States (you and I may be among them), under sentence of death, 100 to be executed at an unknown moment during the next ten years, 100 next week, and 1,100 more the week following, until the ghastly work is completed. An intelligent and earnest effort would secure the reprieve of a multitude of these innocent victims, it is dollars or woes," thus says Dr. Josiah Strong, we quote him word for word, and surely when he puts the matter so forcibly and in such a way that all may understand, we ought to sit up and take notice. In the manufacturing world, where 232,000 factory employees are killed and injured annually, we kill three times as many as are killed in similar industries in Europe. We kill in the United States every four years 80,000 people, more than all who were killed on both sides during the Civil War. Dr. Strong, in discussing this matter with President Roosevelt told him that in our industrial army in the U.S., we kill in one year sufficient to supply the killed and wounded for twelve Spanish-American wars for 1,200 years. If figures have any force at all and mean anything to the average man, these statistics should surely bring some good results. Were we to turn loose a mighty army of soldiers to shoot down our citizens by the thousand every day, rest assured the people in this country would fly from it as a rat deserts a sinking ship. What Europe has done in this matter, we can do. This awful waste of life must cease. It is the concern of everyone who reads this article, to agitate for the adoption of safety devices for mine, factory and railroad, for not one of us knows whose turn may be next.

As COMFORT is probably read more by the agriculturist than by any other element in this country, any matter that is liable to interest the farmer and advance his welfare, is worthy of discussing in our editorial columns. This is an era of organization, nothing apparently can be done without it. One can do little, but one man combined with a million of his fellows becomes a mighty power.

These remarks are called forth by the fact that the American Federation of Labor and the American Society of Equity are joining hands in an effort to mutually benefit each other. The Federation of Labor represents the organized wage earners, while the Society of Equity represents the organized farmers, who are seeking to better their condition by regulating the cost of farm products, by holding back the supply. The farmers will use only the products of organized labor, the articles bearing the union label, and organized labor will only use

the products of those farmers within the alliance. The American Society of Equity has nearly 300,000 members, and is growing fast. This organization is strongest in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Indiana, Kentucky, and is spreading in Michigan, Oklahoma and Kansas. In Texas and the Southwest, the farmers are strongly organized, the Lone Star State having 160,000 organized farmers, who have their own warehouses, where they store their products, until they can get profitable prices for them. Labor Unions and farmers in Texas, work harmoniously together, and maintain a joint lobby during the session of the legislature at Austin. Their interests appear to be identical and they are able to enforce legislation mutually advantageous. The Society of Equity and the farmers of the Southwest are discussing plans for amalgamation. If this amalgamation takes place, an effort will be made to abolish the commission merchant and Board of Trade speculator, and sell farm products direct to the consuming public. We have only to look at the price of fruit and farm products in cities to see how vastly the farmer would gain could he dispense with the middleman. Farmers are the chief consumers of the products of Union Labor, and there should be a strong fraternal bond between them. The American Federation of Labor has also gone into politics, and the Organized Farmers may also join them in the political field. There are eight million farmers in this country, and about three millions of organized workers, while the total vote in the United States is under fifteen millions. We may thus see that the farmers and the wage earners between them would control the political situation in this country. Most farmers are conservative in their views, most laborers radical and progressive. Will it be possible for the farmer and the wage earner to pool their interests, and evolve a political platform that will satisfy the views of both? If this is possible, a great change is liable to take place in American political life. The future alone can tell what will happen. Anything that can add to the material welfare of the workers and the farmers, will be a matter of deep interest to COMFORT.

We want all the readers of COMFORT to have comfort, and comfort cannot be obtained, unless the interests of our readers and their welfares are safeguarded, and advanced in every possible way. This can only be done by organization and the dissemination of progressive ideas. We heartily wish success to any movement that will benefit the farmers and wage earners of this country. They are the backbone of this nation, as they are of every other. All society is based on these two elements. The nation can prosper only as they prosper, just as a plant can be only healthy as long as its roots are in good condition. God speed their efforts for betterment.

Your friend,
Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Senator John C. Spooner of Wisconsin has resigned his seat—the resignation to take effect May 1st.

The official announcement of the resignation of Governor Swettenham of Jamaica was made in the House of Commons March 4th.

A parasite that will speedily destroy the red scale that has been such a pest to the citrus groves of California has been brought from China.

The wife of Wu-Ting-Fang, former Minister from China to the United States, has just paid the cost of building a large and fine hospital in Hong Kong.

William J. Bryan donated to the Indiana University the prize which was won by a Filipino student in an oration opposing the Government ownership of railroads.

The Japanese cruisers Chitose and Tsukuba, left Yokohama February 28th for Hampton Roads, Virginia, in order to take part in the naval review at the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, April 26th.

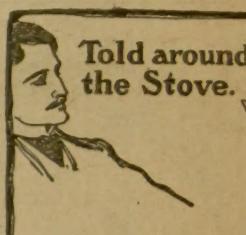
President Roosevelt is having made a full length portrait of himself, which is to be put in the Peace Palace at the Hague. The gift will be from a group of friends in Europe, who are pledged to the peace movement.

The one hundredth anniversary of the poet Longfellow was recently celebrated in Cambridge, Mass. Among the interesting exhibits was the manuscript of "Excelsior," which was written on an invitation, the poet evidently having used the first piece of paper at hand.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York, now promises to be completed in 1906, when it will surpass in cost and beauty any church building in this country, and will rank with the historical ones in Europe.

Miss Katherine E. Conway, editor of the Boston "Pilot" has been awarded the Laetare medal given once a year by Notre Dame University to the man or woman selected for notable work along the lines of art, science, philosophy, public works and religion. Miss Conway is the fourth woman in the United States to receive this honor.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the author, died in Boston, March 19. He was born Nov. 11, 1836, and was a graduate of Harvard College. He was employed for several years after leaving college in a banking house. Leaving a business life he held editorial positions on the New York Evening Mirror, the Home Journal and The Illustrated News. He edited the Atlantic Monthly of Boston from 1881 to 1890, and was the author of many books of fiction and poetry. The poem on Longfellow for the centenary celebration was his last literary effort.



Told around the Stove.



Havana Cigars

"Everybody in this country who smokes, and most everybody does," said the tobacco drummer from Louisville, "would like to smoke Havana cigars, and there are a great many cigars sold here for Havanas, which are something else. I know this, because there were only 79,483,125 Havana cigars shipped to this country last year, while our total consumption of all kinds is about eight billions annually. Estimating that there are thirty million smokers here, we get only enough Havanas to give less than three a year to each smoker. There are some who think most of the Cuban cigars come to the United States, but the figures show we get only about thirty per cent., the total shipments being 256,738,029 cigars. England buys a third more than we do, and Germany about one third as many, while France gets only about 12,000,000. Seventy-five different countries clean around the globe get part of the Havana supply. One reason we use less than England is that we ship the tobacco leaf here and make it into cigars, our shipments being 25,000,000 pounds to England's 25,000. We take about eleven twelfths of all Cuban leaf shipped. Havana cigars are supposed to be the best, and they are to those who like them, but be sure you are getting what you ask for when the man hands you out Havanas, for your share can only be three a year."

High-priced Singers

"When a man working day and night, regardless of the eight-hour law, or any other restraint of labor," said the drummer for a Chicago firm, "gets \$2,500 a year for his services, he thinks he is doing pretty well, and he talks on for year after year at the same rate. But think of those people who use their voices for singing purposes and what they get. There is that Caruso, tenor, who has been getting \$1,600 a time for every time he sang, striking for \$3,000 a time, and making a contract finally at \$2,300 a sing, for a whole season. And there was Jean de Reszke getting \$2,500 each for thirty concerts; Tamagno pulling \$1,600 a song, and Campanini making \$8,000 a month. Patti used to get \$5,000 a night, and Melba



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper, only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this experiment is new to us, we afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, receipts, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEMLEY WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

In renewing my subscription to COMFORT, having taken it for one year, I will try and add a few helps. If those living in old houses will try pasting the margin cut from newspapers over cracks at side, top and bottom of windows, it will keep their plants from freezing. I lived for fifteen years in a very old house. It was the coldest house I ever saw, yet I could leave my plants on windows by doing this, and slipping papers between the plants and glass. Now I have a warmer home, and just go out and put a paper next the glass, shut the blinds, and you will find even if the window was coated with frost, after closing the blind it will melt off.

My hands chap and crack badly in the winter. I have just found that collodion applied to cracks will take out the soreness and heal them in a very few hours. It is not expensive, ten cents for a small bottle, and it lasts for a long time. It does smart badly when first applied, but that is the least of the hurt. It is excellent for all cuts, scratches, burns, etc.

If you will put your white clothes to soak in cold water for one half hour, and then wring out very dry, and put into a boiler of water in which soap is dissolved, and boil for twenty or thirty minutes suds and then rinse in bluing water, you will find them very white and clean with no rubbing. Of course men's dirty work clothes or children's that were creeping would need some rubbing, but as I have only boys that are in offices, and no farm work, had it a great help from rubbing as I used to.

I wish all of those I have sent postal cards would return favor as they agreed to. Many are due me. I suppose you have all been busy with Christmas and one thing and another, and have forgotten postal cards and me. I would be pleased to have them now.

I was calling a short time ago where the lady had been away from home all day, and as she went to light her sitting-room lamp, found she must wash it; she did, and brought it back all dripping, lit the lamp, gave the chimney a shake and put it on, and it did not crack either. This is the way she did. Wash it in warm (not hot) suds, then rinse in cool (not cold) water, and she said they never would crack if you would gradually turn up the light. I have tried it, and never have broken one yet.

If there are any thinking of raising canaries this spring and would care to know how I raised them successfully for seven years, will write my experience to COMFORT. I very seldom lost one, and one year raised over one hundred.

I agree with Lillian Rutledge about paying postage both ways. I don't think it fair to ask favors and then ask them to pay postage beside. I, for one, never send to those. One very often has things that they have no use for, and are glad to get out of the way. I know I do, but when it comes to paying postage on dry goods, or even to get a return letter from a stranger, it is too much. Of course I except shut-ins and invalids. I always inclose postage in writing to a person for information, then I am most always sure of an answer. I will send some recipes sometime, which I think are excellent.

MRS. ELLA N. ROCKWELL, Box 43, East Windsor Hill, Conn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

If you sisters from the North could be with me today (Jan. 14th), I could show you my garden carpeted with plants of phlox, China pinks, and hollyhocks, and other bloomers. In the yard I found a baby snowdrop just peeping out of the covering I had placed over it, thinking it would sleep for another month at least. My roses are beginning to leaf, and I am really afraid that when it turns cold, which it is likely to do any day, they will all get killed. However, I shall wrap them up well when it does turn cold, and when any of the sisters visit me next summer, I hope to be able to give them a nice bouquet. I have sixteen different colors of roses; most of them are small. I bought them last year.

Have any of you ever tried planting castor beans to rid your place of moles? The moles were very bad in our garden, and we were told that the castor beans would ruin them. We did not believe they would, but planted a few, and there have never been any moles here since. The beans still come up voluntarily, and we always leave a few standing.

To the girl who says she is not in a hurry to marry, I would say: Keep to that resolution, and when you do marry you will be all the happier for it. If your marriage is a happy one you will know that you did not need to be in a hurry, and if a failure you need never reproach yourself with having rushed to your doom. If girls would be a little slower in trying to marry, there would not be so many failures. My husband and I were talking one day of the foolishness of some girls in rushing around trying to find a husband, and just for fun I told him the men were as bad. He said they were not, and we argued half an hour, each one citing instances to prove ourselves right. At last I told him I could prove beyond a doubt, that the men were as crazy to marry as the girls. "Well," said he, "prove it." "Every time a girl marries so does a man," said I. But really, girls, I am afraid our sex are sillier than the men on the marriage question.

MRS. SALLIE WEST, Natural Bridge, Alabama.

In reply to Mrs. Mand Couch, McRae, White Co., Ark., of the COMFORT Sisters' Corner:

When chickens, or other birds without any apparent illness, at once sicken and die, look for "green" bones or dead or decaying animals, lying around in fence corners among weeds or grass. The eating of maggots is the unknown cause of thousands of dollars of loss to poultry raisers, especially to farmers' wives.

Indications are—collapse—eyes close, feathers get loose, fall out at a touch, combs turn dark red.

REMEDY. Turpentine given immediately, fifteen drops in as much melted lard. In extreme cases one teaspoonful may be given of raw turpentine.

Keep sick fowls seceded until well, force them, if necessary, to eat bread soaked in sweet milk.

To PREVENT. Use unremitting care, that nothing attractive to the "blue bottle" is left lying around from his first appearance in the spring until freezing weather; August, September and October are the months in which the greatest care is necessary. A dead hog left in a field, unburied, may cause the loss of a flock of turkeys, as has been my experience. In poultry raising, as in all industries, there is profit and loss. To succeed, requires energy, perseverance, patience and knowledge, an lots of which I have endeavored to impart for the good of all.

Mrs. FLORENCE E. FALL, Dora, Wabash Co., Ind.

After "It, Elmo," we shall publish another serial story by the same author, Mrs. Evans, entitled, "The Speckled Bird," and we want you to read it. A full announcement will be made next month.

DEAR SISTERS:

In helping others you help yourself the most sometimes. Do you ever think of that? I subscribed for COMFORT just to help a little girl, and now I have paid three years in advance because I like it so well.

I am interested in the fancy work and think that COMFORT is very helpful.

Whenever I receive bundles from the store, I always fold the paper into a small package and wind the string tightly around and tie it and put it into a box that I keep on purpose. Paper bags I serve the same way, then I do not stop to hunt for a paper and twine when I need them.

I think that it is a good rule to write to one or more of the shut-ins every month and send them something if possible. I have never been very thoughtful before, but if you could see my January number you would find a number of crosses in the COMFORT Sisters' Corner that I have written to or am going to write to. This is one of my new leaves that I have turned for 1907, "Helping Others" is written at the top.

How glad I am that we are given the opportunity, as we are, of helping the dear shut-ins, and that they can appeal to our little corner, knowing it is not in vain. I am going to try this year and see how many I can help each month—if only in a small way.

Now, sisters dear, don't you think it would be helpful if we had a motto or verse at the head of our corner? What do you all think of it? Something short, and also appropriate. Will some of you suggest something, or will dear Mrs. Wilkin-

of gravel. Land sells high.

Mrs. EMMA ROBERTS. I agree with you about Illinois being a fine place to reside. Have you ever visited Champagne and Urbana often called the Twin Cities? I was born about ten miles east of St. Joseph, and have spent many delightful times in the Twin Cities. The University of Illinois is located there. I was a co-ed at that institution for a short time before coming here.

Mrs. E. A. BURRIS. We had special occasion to take notice of some of the big red apples from your grand old state at the St. Louis Exposition, and they most certainly were "beauties." By the way, two colts belonging to my father captured two prizes, one a first, the other a second at that Exposition.

Now comes the pen picture. I am five feet six inches in height, weigh one hundred and forty-two pounds, am light, clear complexion with brown hair and gray-blue eyes (wear glasses) and am eligible for the bachelor girls' list.

Will some of the readers living where the climate is free from catarrhal and throat affection please write me? Best wishes to "COMFORT's" staff and all the readers.

Mrs. CORA NICHOLS, Crawfordsville, R. F. D., 8, Indiana.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have never seen a letter from this place. My home is in Kansas City, Missouri, which as you may know, is one of the growing cities along the Missouri river. We are very proud of our improvements here—especially our parks and boulevard system, which encircles the city. Swope Park being, I believe, the third largest in the world. We are also proud of our rank as a manufacturing and railroad center.

We have many large buildings, among them being Convention Hall, which is noted for its seating capacity and its excellent acoustic properties.

I wish some of the sisters would come and see me. I would try hard to have them enjoy the visit. My husband and I have our own home, and are very happy. We have been married five years, and have a dear little boy of two.

How glad I am that we are given the opportunity, as we are, of helping the dear shut-ins, and that they can appeal to our little corner, knowing it is not in vain. I am going to try this year and see how many I can help each month—if only in a small way.

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patient mother who waits on me, for which I am very thankful. We both are very much interested in COMFORT and wish it a very prosperous year. Many thanks to all the readers who have written me. I would be glad to do them some favor in return, if it were possible.

ELLEN BENSON, 5205 First Ave., Woodlawn, Ala.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I live in the state of Montana; it is a cold country. We have about nine months of cold weather with plenty of wind and snow, and three months of real delightful weather, but we can see the snow on the mountain tops all the time, excepting maybe during July. In the summer the valleys are strewn with beautiful wild flowers and tall blue grass. The principal crops are wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes.

I was born and reared in old sunny Tennessee, and married there, then came West for our health. My husband is herding, he has 1,800 lambs to care for at present.

My relatives are all in Tennessee, and how I long to see them, my poor father is a shut-in, so you know I can sympathize with all the dear shut-ins of COMFORT's family, but we hope we are going back to our native land some day.

The climate has benefited us greatly, we are now fat and robust. I am five feet five inches tall, and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds. We have been married three years, and have two of the dearest children, both boys, one two years and a baby three months, they are sweet and pretty; we are very proud of them.

MRS. BILLA VICKERS, Utica, Mont.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a reader of your helpful letters and get much benefit from them.

I have been married six years. I have brown hair, blue eyes, and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. My home is in the eastern part of Texas; our nearest railroad is twenty miles away, still we are not heathens as some people might think.

There is a fine lot of pine timber in this country, but it is being worked up fast now. Some of the timber is floated down the Sabine river to Orange. We raise corn and cotton here principally, but the Mexican boll weevil has ruined the cotton crop here the last two years.

How many of the sisters love flowers? I imagine all of you do, for I can't see how anyone could help loving them, they are so sweet. I am a real flower lover. I have several kinds of geraniums, three kinds of begonias besides many flowers such as roses and some hardy flowers; if any of the sisters not too far away have any geranium cuttings to spare, I would like to exchange some with them.

I love fancy work also, have done some the past year. I have considerable nice tissue paper. I would be glad if any of the sisters could tell me some nice way of using it, making paper flowers or anything ornamental.

Can anyone tell me where I can get caraway seeds for flavoring cookies, I've never seen any, but would like to get some.

I want to send a tested recipe for angel cake.

I would like for some of the sisters to write to me as we could exchange ideas on fancy work and flowers. I would especially like a correspondent from Florida and California.

MRS. MARY LOW, Sabinetown, Texas.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 223 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, "St. Elmo," which will be continued for some months during 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy reading your letters very much, and wish they came every week. We have taken up a homestead here in the foothills, and I often get lonely. This was once mining land. There are several little mines around now, but they don't amount to much. It is very pretty in the hills, especially after a while when they are covered with wild flowers.

How my heart aches for all the poor shut-ins, and how powerless I feel to help them. But I pray for them every day—I believe.

Now, sisters, don't ask me for silk pieces, for they don't grow on these hills, and I wouldn't write about coming to California, unless you have a very good reason for coming. You had better stay where you are than waste money coming out here. I mean poor people, of course. You can't live on climate, and most everything else you will find dearer, I believe. I would like letters from lonely ones, friendless or discouraged ones, or good letters from anyone. If I haven't answered anyone's letter it was because they asked questions or for things I did not have time to discuss. I have one son fifteen, and two little girls I have taken, twelve and four years old. I adopted the one four years old since I lost my own darling. She is a great comfort to me.

ANNA LIKES. I know how you miss your mother. I lost mine eight years ago this winter, and it leaves a void that nothing can fill. I hope your boy will return to you all safe and sound. If you can, write to me. I have so little time and postage to spare I can't write many letters, but I would like to comfort or help someone more lonely than myself.

"What will it matter by and by?
Whether our path below was bright,
Whether it shown through dark or light,
Under a gray or a golden sky,
What will it matter by and by?"

MRS. LOTTE BRIGGS, Madera, Cal.

DEAR SISTERS:

We are just nicely settled on a North Dakota homestead, with no near neighbors but a few bachelors holding down their claims, and twenty-five miles from the nearest town. To us who have lived all our lives within half a mile of town, if not right in town, this is an immense change. In the East I used to read magazine articles on the homesteaders and their sod shanties, but I never expected to see, much less to live in one.

One of the first things I did upon arriving here was to order COMFORT sent to me, and I intend to take solid comfort in its Sisters' Corner and its fancy work pages, for I enjoy both of them greatly. I hardly expect to see a woman's face this winter. Fortunately, we have a post-office within two miles of us or we would be almost entirely isolated.

On the expiration of our fourteen months' stay I will write and tell the sisters our experiences if I think them worth recording.

If any of the sisters who have reading matter to spare, will send me some, also those having scraps, odds and ends of everything that can be put into any kind of piece of fancy work, and not having any use for it themselves, will forward some to me it will be greatly appreciated, as it will keep me busy, and help to keep off the blues.

MRS. F. W. MANSFIELD, Bonetrail, N. Dak.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if all the sisters I sent samples of shadow embroidery to are busy at that work. I have a few suggestions to make. I want to tell you that soft pillows made in the shadow embroidery and worked in colors are perfect dreams. If a wild rose pillow, work the roses with pink silk, and the leaves green, they are very dainty. I worked one in butterflies all different sizes and colors, and it was beautiful.

If the sisters will take the baby pillows I have sent them, and lay them on Persian lawn and trace them off, and work the roses pink, and the leaves green, the scroll a delicate blue, and the word baby either blue or pink, you will have the most beautiful baby pillow you ever saw.

Wishing COMFORT and all the sisters a prosperous year.

MRS. LYDIA L. ECKLE, 1801 P St., Lincoln, Neb.

THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The tall athletic figure of a young man is seen leaning against the trunk of a tree. Half about he soliloquizes, and wonders what is keeping them. He asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith? "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of many voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. The service ends, and Theta Rosslyn meets her lover, Gene Warfield. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hidden there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I have ever words deceiving me into forgetting the depth of the guilt which lies between us." Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting for him; she sees the stricken look, that goes to her heart, and she tries to comfort him. He will carry the scar to the grave. He feels all he lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. Could she have her way she would have him a simple farmer, marry and settle down for a long and happy life. His uncle John is a good manager, but has spoiled him for the happy contented life. If she were sure the forces of his nature were always to be arrayed on the side of right, she would not mind. She is assured he will never yield to the power of gold, but she knows his weakness—the insatiable appetite for power and this it comes, because he has broken with all religious traditions. The mother's heart is breaking because she knows that the width of poles lies between them. The parting comes, the mother cries, "I didn't know it would be so hard!" Theta Rosslyn hears the cry, and laying her hands on the mother's shoulders softly says, "God will take care of the soul, though the body yet lives."

Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The boyish look is gone forever and the lines of power deepen. He finishes the last page of a paper and with the exclamation, "I am glad it is finished!" the door opens and Judge Blodgett enters. Gene tells him he has arrived in the nick of time. The Judge remarks he is at it again, writing out the speeches and learning them that he may, like Webster, deliver impromptu the next day. Gene replies, smiling. The legal battle seems like a hopeless undertaking. He will fight it out, they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he caught between the upper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully; he's never had a son and Gene has come to be almost like one to him. It isn't the Trusts, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He orders his horse and rides out of town and across the open prairie. Leaving his horse to graze, he stands on a rising swell of ground. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a misstep and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot—the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal to be destroyed; he objects. If he is afraid to do it, she will shoot him herself. Gene takes the deadly toy pistol out of her hand and commands her to stand with her back to him. There is a blinding flash and the poor brute is dead. In the absence of Mrs. Grundy they ought to be introduced and she presents her card, Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C. They ride back to town on Eugene Warfield's horse. Dismounting, Gene gives his horse to a boy to ride to the stable and walks with Victoria. In an automobile they see the wife of the president of the Harvester Trust; she is an invalid. Victoria thinks it is something to be the mistress of such a magnificent home. She has heard, he only is the head of the Trust, but has great political influence. Gene admits it, he has the power to make or ruin a man. They walk in silence until they reach a tall, white house. Victoria halts. Will she see him in the reception? Warfield finds a special delivery letter from the Harvester Trust awaiting him. Arriving late at the reception, Victoria meets him. She leads him to the deserted East room; she may need his services in pleading her case with her uncle at the loss of her horse, his gift to her. He promises not to charge more than she can pay. She doesn't care to listen to pretty speeches—only to show the new orchid her uncle buys. He knows but little about orchids, only the wildlings of his New Hampshire woods, and Gene tells of the beauties of the New England flowers, of his boyhood home, of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dream of power and ambition. Victoria rouses from her abstraction. Ambition is the thing that lifts man above the level of the brute. She is covetous of power and longs to sit with the highest of the land. Does he blame her? How can he? As for power, she can't have more than she now has. Does he think her attractive? She feels his tongue will be wagging. He bends over her suddenly and presses his lips upon her white throat. Victoria looks after him with a gleam of scornful triumph and says aloud, "And I have heard that man called a great lawyer."

CHAPTER V.

MEETING WITH CORCORAN AND WARFIELD'S FALL.

ON the morning following the encounter with Victoria, Warfield sat alone in his office with a mass of papers spread out on the desk, busily engaged in incorporating into his speech some new evidence in connection with the Harvester Trust case which had arrived the night before.

At last the task was finished and laying aside his work, he fell into a fit of musing, his straight brows drawing together in a frown and his strong hands clinching and unclenching themselves nervously. Then he started suddenly to his feet, as the sound of heavy footfalls broke upon his ear.

"It sounds like the tread of doom!" he exclaimed aloud.

Then creakily, noisily the hinges moved and a veritable Son of Anak, six feet three inches tall, and broad as the door itself, although without an ounce of superfluous flesh on the huge frame, entered.

Gene, a tall man as men go, was dwarfed into insignificance beside him. Their faces, strangely enough, were alike, yet unlike. The younger man's might have stood as a model for Caesar at a like age, while the face of the other might have represented the same Caesar at the time he wrote home that laconic despatch, "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

As the two men faced each other, there was challenge in the eyes of each.

"Mr. Corcoran, I believe?" said Gene, motioning the other to a chair and again seating himself at his desk.

"The same," replied Corcoran as he sat down in the biggest chair the office contained.

"Without further formalities he began: "Mr. Warfield, there is a certain matter I have come today to speak about, and not to take up any more of your valuable time than is necessary," with a glance at the scattered manuscript on the desk, "I will state at once my mission."

That opening sentence, so direct to the point, was characteristic of Corcoran.

Born in New York, of Irish parentage, he had been first a bootblack, then a newsboy, then a pressman. The family moved West and

Written in Collaboration

By Mrs. Dora Nelson and
F. C. Henderschott

Michael being by that time a young man and having saved a little of his earnings took up a claim and became a landowner on a small scale. Wearying of this he sold out and went into the saloon business, which really gave him his start in life. Once started, however, a fit of restlessness took possession of him. Exploiting a few poor workingmen and their families seemed altogether too slow a way of getting rich and he cast about for some quicker method by which to attain the desired object. His short experience as an agriculturist taught him that no prey is so easy as the farming class. Thus in his fertile brain was hatched the germ of what ultimately grew to be the Harvester Trust. Bit by bit this gigantic monopoly was built up until, in the course of time, the quondam bootblack found himself the possessor of millions. His brain, as previously stated, was fertile, and by his association with people of wealth and culture he acquired an ease and charm of manner which secured for him a cordial welcome in the highest circles.

He married into one of New York's most exclusive families, but despite this fact, he made no attempt to disguise his humble origin. His

that of a meteor shooting across the night, at once magnificent and terrible.

He was speaking in that suave voice which he so well knew how to assume on occasion, but which had under all its softness the iron ring of determination.

"Warfield, I have placed before you the case as it stands. As you are well aware it is no idle boast on my part to say in this region I am ruler. I can create and I can destroy; I can imprison and I can set free; I can degrade and I can elevate; I can impoverish and enrich, and I can commercially, socially and politically make or break in the city of Excelsior and its environs. If you defy me I will crush you. If you will become my friend, my ally, you shall grow great by my power."

As Corcoran's vain-glorious utterance came to an end, Gene, who had listened with ill-concealed impatience, arose to his feet and burst out impetuously:

"Do you take me for a dastard that you dare to come here with such a damnable proposition? What do I care for your power! Drive me out of this town—hound me to the last ditch and I will fight you there! I won't soil my hands with your dirty business! Do your

Today there are eighty millions of people in the United States. Representing these eighty millions there are three hundred and sixty odd members of Congress. I have power to take you from your lonesome place among these eighty millions and seat you in the envied circle of these potent three hundred and sixty. I give you your choice. Defy me and I will crush you; become my friend and I will place you among the highest of the land."

Although he was scarcely conscious of the fact Gene was anxious as he listened to the words of Corcoran. He suddenly turned back to the open window, then something in the street caught his attention.

In an open carriage sat a beautiful woman. She was robed in palest azure, on her head a striking hat, and above her fair brow a sunburst of auburn hair.

A sigh of admiration broke from Gene and hearing this the other looked out to ascertain the cause and himself stood at gaze, his heart stirring at the sight of the woman's beauty. "How lovely she is!" thought Corcoran. "I wonder who she can be—I must find out and seek an introduction. If I am not mistaken that is the Huston's coachman on the box. I think I will have to call."

As the landau drew opposite the Court House Victoria glanced up and caught Gene's look of admiration and smiled.

The power—the terrible power—that lies in a woman's smile! A woman's smile—a thing as evanescent as the sparkle on a glass of champagne—yet it is for this empires have crumbled. For Cleopatra's smile Mark Antony flung away a world. How we love them—the lips that smile at us!

Gene gazed until he could see her no longer then turned back as the suave voice of Corcoran again fell upon his ear.

"Warfield, I give you your choice."

On one hand were all the years of unstained manhood, on the other the picture Corcoran had drawn of himself seated among that exalted three hundred and sixty in the House of Representatives. In that hour he forgot his mother's parting words. His mother's face, too, was dimmed by the years and a younger and fairer face had come between. As on the night before, he heard beautiful scornful red lips saying: "I adore ambitious people, the people who accomplish things."

"Take your choice, Warfield."

"Yes sir, I am choosing." Gene's face at that instant wore the look which in Milton's beautiful allegory that of Lucifer, Star of the Morning may have worn when he led the hosts out of Heaven.

Corcoran smiled as he grasped Warfield's outstretched hand.

"Warfield, you have made a wise choice and one you are not likely to regret. As concerns the Harvester Trust case I look to you to do all I suggested would be required of you on my first introduction. As to your nomination to Congress the preliminaries shall receive my earliest attention. I recognize your ability and feel that in you I have gained a powerful ally. Rest assured all power shall be exerted in your behalf. I have now," consulting his watch, "a most pressing engagement and cannot remain longer. I will bid you good morning." He cordially shook Gene's hand and walked out.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TREMBLE OF HIDDEN CHORDS.

"Now, father, I can't allow you to go into court looking like that. Your tie is crooked, and you have dropped cigar ashes on your vest, and I declare if you haven't got on a pair of frayed cuffs. You wait until I run upstairs and get another pair!"

"Pshaw, mother," in private life the judge and his wife still called each other father and mother, although their children had been dead for years, "you can't make a dude out of me at my time of life, and say, you can trim off the edges of these if you want to, but I haven't time to wait for another pair. The Harvester Trust case is to be tried today, and I don't want to miss any of it," said the judge as he submitted to being brushed and tidied generally.

"I understand," said Mrs. Blodgett with a twinkle in her eye, "that when you gave up the active practice of law you intended to have nothing further to do with it."

"Well, mother, I can't help taking an interest in it because of Gene. I went to hear him in his final summing up today. That speech of his is a rattling good one although I didn't tell him so. Modesty is rare among the young men of the present generation, and when I find it I take care not to rub off any of its pristine freshness. Of course, I expect him to be defeated. It couldn't be otherwise with judge, jury, every mother's son of them with a fat fee from Corcoran safely tucked away in his inside pocket. All the same I want to be in at the death for I know Gene will make a glorious end. And don't pretend you don't want me to go for I know better, for you are half in love with Gene yourself."

Mrs. Blodgett smiled.

"He is a real lovable young man. I think it is because he cares so much for his mother, and always speaks so tenderly of her. If I had ever had a son I should have wanted him to be like that. And, father, I don't half like his sudden feeling for that Miss Moore. Mrs. Huston tells me he is very attentive; every afternoon he sends up a box of flowers and follows it in the evening. I don't like Victoria Moore. She doesn't appeal to me as being the sort of woman to make any man happy, and surely not Gene."

"Fie, mother," returned the judge, laughing, "you are all alike—you women. Let a pretty girl come among you and the red rag is out at once—you're all jealous of a lovely face. If Miss Moore is only half as good as she is beautiful she will do very well for Warfield. I can't say I admire the full-blown style of beauty. In fact, I much prefer elderly ladies, especially one, with handsome face and wavy white hair. I never cared for the Titian shade some people rave over."

With an affectionate pat Mrs. Blodgett finished the toilet, and hurried the judge off to the trial.

* * * * *

Citizens of Excelsior were proud of their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



VICTORIA CAME CLOSE, LOOKING AT HIM THE WHILE WITH A COMPELLING LIGHT IN HER MAGNETIC EYES.

aged father and mother he esteemed most highly, and maintained them in the greatest luxury, and to be a seventh cousin of Corcoran was worth at least five thousand a year to the lucky relative.

He gave lavishly to every call for help that came to him, responding not because of the morality of the people, but because of their physical need.

Once he visited the early home of his parents in Ireland, and his princely generosity while there is still spoken of with much kindness by the inhabitants.

Early in his career he had adopted Napoleon's motto: "Every man has his price," and he had added to this with his accustomed cynicism: "Every woman has hers also."

With some it was love, with others it was power, but whatever it was, once Corcoran set his heart upon winning woman he seldom failed to gratify his desire. His wife, poor thing, made the mistake of loving him and was slowly dying of a broken heart because of his many infidelities.

Having built up this huge monopoly, he gave up its active management to brains having the commercial instinct more strongly developed, and for a few years devoted himself to a life of pleasure.

But his millions, his private car, his stud of race horses, his yacht and his numerous estates palled upon him. He realized that millionaires are as common as mushrooms and not nearly so well prized, and so having vanquished the realm of finance, sighing, like Alexander, for new worlds to conquer, he turned his attention to politics, finding on the political battlefield the excitement which his restless mind constantly craved, and made him a absolute master over the minds of the men he swayed.

Such was a career which may be likened to

worst! I defy you!" As he hurled the last words at his opponent Gene struck the desk a resounding blow with his fist and then walked over to a window.

There was a smile on Corcoran's lips as he listened to the angry outburst. He had been expecting some such explosion, so he waited a little and then resumed:

"Warfield, I admire your grit. It isn't every man who would defy Corcoran to his teeth. At the same time you are making a serious mistake. You will remember the maxim they used to write in our copy books when we went to school: 'Opportunity knocks once at every man's door.' It is knocking at mine and I opened to it. I began by having some such ideals of civic righteousness as you are cherishing, and I have lived to learn their fallacy. You have lived the life of an ascetic, you might have been a monk for all the enjoyment you have gotten out of life. I, on the contrary, have lived my life to the full. I have not spared myself the cuddling of a single sense delight and yet today there is not a man in all this broad land who holds himself too great to doff his hat to Corcoran. After all, Warfield, a man can live his life. We have no knowledge of any previous existence—we do not know whether there is to be any future existence—the only life we know anything about is the one we are living now. Your destiny lies in your own hands. You can drive opportunity away and go back to the hoe and the plow," he paused long enough to note the effect of his words—for Gene had turned around and was looking at him—and was gratified to see the dark flush which arose to his brow and noted that his shot had gone home. The thought of returning with defeat upon him was bitter to Warfield at that moment—"or you can arise gloriously to meet it. Listen!

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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By Horatio Alger, Jr.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When Jerry is his own master he will try to clear up the mystery of his identity. When Mr. Maxwell goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry offers the money back; the man refuses to take it and rides off. Jerry finds the cow, and he wonders about himself. He will find out some day, but he does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets

Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's home and name. He may call him Clarke, as to his stay he will be guided by circumstances, and he inquires about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together. Dick Clarke

retires for the night.

Mehitable Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried, and unwilling to admit the truth. In her secret heart she is jealous of Mabel Parkhurst. Jerry Blue annoys Mehitable.

Jerry Blue takes a gun to shoot deer. Dick Clarke inquires of the landlord the way to Squire Parkhurst's. It is the saving of distance to go through the woods. As he walks along there is the discharge of a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke asks the boy to conduct him to Squire Parkhurst's. Jerry tries to conceal the gun, but Mehitable meets him. Jerry tells his adventures and reckons he's in search of a wife. Dick Clarke meets Squire Parkhurst, and tells him he is a lawyer by profession. Though Squire Parkhurst lives in the wilderness, Dick Clarke knows he was born to wealth. Inheriting fifty thousand dollars from his father, his investments fail and he leaves New York. His daughter takes the change more kindly than he. Mr. Parkhurst is anxious and ready to hear anything he may have to say. Dick Clarke has the power to replace him in his old position, and promises nothing he cannot perform. Chance has thrown it in his way.

Dick Clarke buys, at auction, an antique desk belonging to Squire Parkhurst's father. He discovers a hidden drawer, containing a paper, which tells the place of concealment of a large fortune left by Squire Parkhurst's father. Dick Clarke thinks the finder should receive some reward and seeks the hand of Mabel Parkhurst. Her father yields so much that he agrees to give him the marriage portion, ten thousand dollars. Dick Clarke refuses the sum, without Mabel for his bride. He knows where the money is concealed. Jerry's opinion of Dick Clarke is not favorable; he thinks he has seen him before at Dan Cass's, or the poorhouse. Jerry starts fishing; he meets Henry Davenport who inquires for Mabel. He finds her near the wilderness home. He delares his love, and steals the first kiss. Jerry, perched on one of the upper branches, witnesses all.

Henry and Mabel agree to make their love known to their parents. Mabel asks to see her father alone. Mehitable's curiosity is aroused. Mr. Parkhurst makes known to Mabel the object of Dick Clarke's visit. The revelation gives her pleasure, but not for herself. Her father remembers she has something to say and she tells of her love for Henry Davenport. If she marries Henry Davenport he may never recover his property. Mabel insists he be given what her father intends for her, and not ask her to surrender all the happiness of her life to this man's keeping. Her father contends that such marriages are often productive of happiness. She loves Henry Davenport, as for this man she only does not love, but she believes she begins to hate him. She will see this man herself, and beseech him to take from her the hard choice of sacrificing herself and bringing unhappiness to her father.

CHAPTER XII.

AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

RICHARD CLARKE was seated in his room at the inn. The apartment was perhaps the best that rude tavern afforded, though it could hardly be considered luxurious in its appointments. In one corner stood a cot bedstead. There was a chair at each window, and a small table, perhaps two feet square, between, over which hung a looking-glass of scanty dimensions, which suffered under the recent disadvantage of having been fractured by some careless occupant of the room in times past. There was no washstand, guests being expected to perform their ablutions below. At the lawyer's special request, a tin washbowl had been furnished, which stood on the table before mentioned, while a large tin dipper supplied the place of the pitcher.

The lawyer was seated on one chair while his extended limbs found a resting-place on another. A mug of cider on the table near by indicated that he was disposed to be convivial. A complacent smile which played over his features evinced that he was in a contented frame of mind.

"I've got him under my thumb," he soliloquized. "Thanks to my knowledge of human nature I read him at once, and made up my mind how to deal with him. I can see plainly enough that he doesn't particularly relish having me for a son-in-law. The old fellow's pride sticks to him yet. That's unfortunate for him, for it must be humbled. I have a shrewd suspicion, too, that the young lady won't be altogether willing to accept Dick Clarke as a substitute for that young spark of a Davenport. He seems to be quite a trim young gallant, and is handsomer than I ever was. I am very glad to say that I have a proper appreciation of my own want of beauty. I remember my father used to say, 'Dick's rough-looking fellow, but he'll make his way in the world.' I mean to verify the old gentleman's prediction, if I live long enough. Let me take another look at the precious document which is, so to speak, the corner-stone of my prosperity."

Dick Clarke carefully drew from an inner pocket a letter somewhat rumpled. It was directed on the outside to Joseph Parkhurst.

"The old gentleman would give something to get hold of this," said the lawyer complacently. "With it he might snap his fingers at me, and leave me to crawl back to my dusty office at my leisure."

He opened the document and read it, for the hundredth time, it may be. As, however, it will be new to the reader, it may be well to transcribe its contents and set them before him.

"MY DEAR SON JOSEPH:

"Although it may prove to be unnecessary, yet in order to avoid all risk, in the event of any unforeseen contingency, such as my sudden death, I have thought proper to set down succinctly a step which I have felt it a matter of prudence to take, together with the reasons which have impelled me to take it. "I need hardly say that, through inheritance and otherwise, I am the possessor of what is reckoned in these colonies a considerable fortune, amounting to not very far from twenty thousand pounds, and perhaps more. This will, in the natural course of events, descend to you, my only son. But in the present troubled state of the country [the letter bore date December, 1779] while a struggle is pending between the mother country and these colonies, the issue of which is doubtful, the security of possession is, as a matter of course, greatly endangered. It is for this reason that I have endeavored to preserve an outside neutrality. Yet as suspicions may arise, and as so often happens in such a struggle, I may on some pretext be deprived of my property, I have thought it my duty to adopt some means of preserving at least a part of it to you independent of contingency."

"What a prosy and long-winded old fellow," muttered Dick. "He might as well have come to the point in half a dozen lines. But the best part of it is to come."

He resumed the reading of the letter, and we will follow his example.

"I have, therefore, with as much secrecy as possible realized the money value of one half of my property, and at various times, as frequently as I dared, contrived to convert it into gold pieces. These I carefully laid away in a stout box, which now lies concealed. The chief object of this communication is to reveal to you the place of concealment, that if I should be taken away during your absence, the secret may not die with me."

"You will remember that small tract of land, embracing perhaps a couple of acres, at the upper part of the island, on which stands the cottage occupied by Black Phoebe, your old nurse. Being so much out of the way, I decided that this would be the best place of concealment which I could select. After some reflection I decided not to let her into the secret, and accordingly contrived a pretext for her temporary absence, during which the box was conveyed by night to the spot, and buried at the foot of a tree. There will be no difficulty in finding the place, since, as you will perhaps remember, there is but this one tree on the place. It is an old apple tree now past bearing, and stands just in the rear of the house. A hole was dug, four feet in depth, at the northeast corner, and the box, being deposited therein, was carefully covered over, so that there might be no trace left of the place having been disturbed."

"In this box will be found ten thousand pounds in gold—a sum that will enable you to live comfortably and as befits your station, even if you should be deprived of your remaining possessions. I trust, however, that this may not be the case, and that my precaution may prove to have been unnecessary. But however this may be, I shall see that I have done my duty in adopting this prudent measure in your behalf."

"I am sensibly affected, my dear son, when I reflect that if you are ever to read this paper it will probably be when I am laid in the grave. Let me then speak as becomes such an occasion, and counsel you to preserve unimpaired the family escutcheon which has not yet been stained by a dishonorable act. Remember that you come of a good family, and have noble blood in your veins, and so far as you are concerned, do not suffer the name to lose any of that high consideration which has hitherto attached to it."

"In conclusion, my son, I will subscribe myself, 'Your affectionate father, JOHN PARKHURST.'

"The old gentleman little dreamed for whose eye he was writing," thought the lawyer. "If he had, he wouldn't have been quite so affectionate in his address—though it may turn out that I shall become, if not his son, the next thing to it—his grandson."

Dick Clarke slowly folded up this letter and replaced it in his pocket.

"I remember the old gentleman," he said musingly. "He was the very essence of respectability with his powdered hair, knee-breeches, and all that—I little suspected at the time that I should ever stand in any near relation to him, and I fancy that it was quite as far from his thoughts. Let them talk as they may of Dame Fortune, she can do a fellow a good turn now and then, and she has chosen to be kind to me. This beautiful wild flower has been growing up in the woods for me, and faith, I'll wear it."

His soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of the landlord, who thrust his head in at the door, saying:

"There's a lady downstairs would like to see you, Mr. Clarke. Will you go down and see her?"

"A lady!" exclaimed the lawyer, starting from his chair in surprise. "Who is it?"

"Squire Parkhurst's daughter."

"Mabel!" returned Clarke, in surprise. "I will be down directly."

CHAPTER XIII.

JERRY SPEAKS HIS MIND.

It must be admitted that Jerry felt rich. Not only had he the piece given by Mr. Maxwell, but he had also the half-dollar given him by Henry Davenport.

"If I keep on I'll be a millionaire," said he to himself, while at work in the garden patch.

"I'm having a regular flood of good fortune."

It was such a fine day that the boy could not resist the temptation, some time later, to slip down to the pond for a swim. He had a favorite swimming hole, and here he splashed around for a good quarter of an hour. He wished he had a companion, but boys were scarce in that vicinity, so he had to take his enjoyment alone.

He was just dressed and was starting back to the field, when he saw Mabel coming along the road that led to Hill's Tavern. The girl showed that she was much agitated, and Jerry stepped behind a tree to watch her.

"Perhaps she's going to call on that strange man," he mused.

As Mabel came up to the tree she paused, and Jerry was amazed to see her wipe two big tears from her cheeks. She gave a sob and leaned against the tree trunk for support.

"Oh, Miss Mabel, what's the matter?" cried the boy, his heart melting at the sight. "Can I help you?"

"Jerry!" she ejaculated in amazement, and tried to hide her tears. "I did not know anybody was around."

"But what is the matter? What are you crying about?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter, Jerry! Never mind!"

"Yes, it does. I don't want to see you cry," he answered bluntly. "Have you had some trouble with Mr. Davenport?"

"No, Jerry."

"Then maybe the squire's been scolding you."

"No. It—it's something else."

"Can't I help you?"

At this query Mabel smiled faintly. She loved Jerry, and his open-heartedness always appealed to her.

"I don't see how you can help me," she said.

"Perhaps I can, Miss Mabel. Anyway, I'm willing to try real hard."

"Jerry, you are very, very good."

"But what is it all about? Won't you tell me?"

Mabel paused. More than once in the past she had trusted Jerry with her secrets, and he had never betrayed her confidence. She trusted him far more than she did Mehitable.

"Jerry, did you meet that man who came to see my father?" she questioned.

"Yes, of course I did."

"I mean, did you get the chance to talk to him?"

"Yes, I met him in the woods and showed him the way to the house."

"What did you think of him?"

"I didn't like him much," was the prompt answer.

"Why not? Don't be afraid to tell me."

"I thought he looked and acted like a sharper."

Mabel Parkhurst clutched the boy's arm and her face paled a little.

"Did you really think that?"

"Yes, I did. He didn't have the kind of eyes that I like. And his nose—"

"Never mind his nose, Jerry."

"Is he the man that has made trouble for you?"

"I am afraid that he is trying to make trouble both for father and myself. But you must not speak of this to anybody else, Jerry."

"I won't—if you want it that way, Miss Mabel. You know I can keep mum when I want to."

"Yes, I know that."

"What kind of trouble is he trying to make?"

"It's a long story, Jerry. It seems that years ago my grandfather hid away a lot of gold in a box."

"Has that man got it?"

"He says he knows where the gold is."

"And won't he give it up? If he won't, I'd have him arrested," cried the boy excitedly.

"Hush, not so loud, Jerry, or somebody may hear you."

"Ain't anybody around here. I looked around for Mr. Davenport when I saw you coming, but there wasn't nobody," and Jerry grinned.

Mabel's face flushed. "So you thought I was coming out to see him?" she observed.

"Oh, it's all right, Miss Mabel. Mr. Davenport is a nice gentleman."

"Yes, I agree with you."

"You couldn't marry a better," went on Jerry boldly.

"Thank you, Jerry. But we have lost track of our subject."

"That's so. What about this gold in a box?"

"What is that man going to do with it?"

"He says he will turn it over to my father on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"You won't mention it, Jerry?"

"Not unless you want me to."

"He won't give up the gold unless I promise to marry him," and Mabel turned her face away to hide her burning cheeks.

"What, marry that fellow?" ejaculated the boy in open disgust. "Marry that old pug-nose! Don't you do it, Miss Mabel! Why, he ain't worth your little finger!"

"I do not wish to marry him."

"And you say he'll keep the gold if you won't."

"That is what he told my father. I have not spoken to him."

"But why does he want to marry you if he doesn't know you?"

"Father says he is anxious to elevate himself socially. Mr. Clarke—that's his name—says he used to see me in New York when I went to school there, and admired me in secret."

"Well, I can't blame him for that, Miss Mabel—you're so beautiful. But he's ugly—I wouldn't have him for a gift."

"I do not want him. But I do not wish to see my father suffer, Jerry. He has been used to a fine social position in New York, and life out here in the wilderness is very irksome to him. If he had the gold that his father hid away in that box, he could go back to the city and assume his old place among his friends."

"Well, I wouldn't mind going to the city myself. But I don't hanker to be so awful rich."

"I would be content to stay here," answered the girl.

"There ought to be some way by which you could make this Mr. Clarke give up that gold," went on Jerry, after a thoughtful pause. "If I was your father I'd make him do it."

"It is not so easy to do things out here as it would be in the city, Jerry. Officers of the law are scarce, and nearly every man is a law unto himself, as the saying is."



LEAGUE RULES:
To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

APRIL Fool! That's what Toby and Billy the Goat said to me last year and for good reasons. A man told me he'd give me ten dollars for a dozen post holes. Another person drove up to our chicken coop, and begged me to go and buy him three quarts of pigeons' milk, as his wife was dying, and the doctor said she must have it quick. I'm a good-natured old slob, ready to do anybody a turn, and there was I rushing all over New England for post holes, and pigeons' milk. I wouldn't have cared, if I could have got them, but nobody seemed to have any for sale and in several stores that I entered, they called me an April Fool, and threw things at me. I've asked lots of people why it was that everyone acted so crazy, and why it is no one keeps these indispensable articles of commerce for sale, but I can't get any sane or sensible replies from anyone;—they just pucker up their faces, and laugh all over me, and tell me that people were only stringing me and handing me a lemon. But I didn't have any string on my person, and as for lemons, I never saw one. I've no doubt that poor woman died uttering imprecations on my head, and wondering why I didn't bring the pigeons' milk, that would have saved her life. When I first went on the stage, I had to play an old man's part, and they sent me out to buy a ten-cent box of wrinkles. I searched the town, and couldn't get 'em. In the meat store, the man said his grandfather had a choice collection of them he would sell cheap, but after I had found the old man, I discovered they were all on his face, and they were the wrinkles that wouldn't come off. But I had to have 'em, and I was tearing the old man's hide off his face, when the police arrested me. Well, I got out of that scrape, and rushed back to the Opera House, and say they were having fits!!! Then they chased me out to get the key of the curtain, from the manager of the Opera House. This guy was a crusty low forehead; and when I said key of the curtain, and must have it at once, or else they couldn't get the curtain raised, and start the performance, well, he just yelled murder. He sent me to the meat market, and they sent me to the undertakers and the overture was playing when I rushed into the Opera House, and fell exhausted on two bloodhounds (we were playing Uncle Tom's Cabin), and the dogs didn't do a thing to me. Later on they told me I must go to the drug store, and get ten cents' worth of drum salve for the drum, as it was dead sore from being beaten so much, and the drummer was afraid to pound it for fear it would die. I hated to think of the poor drum suffering for want of a little salve, and so I went to the drug store, and the pill man called me a fresh guy and drew a gun on me. I didn't get the salve, and the drum was awful sore about it. Ah, me I've had a sad life.

Please bear in mind, that I want you all to hustle round among your friends, and get seven fifteen-cent-'subs' for COMFORT, and get one of Uncle Charlie's books of poems. This is the first favor I have ever asked of my nephews and nieces, and it is a very, very small one indeed, as the effort is trifling, and the reward is altogether out of proportion to the task. In a nutshell the proposition is this: Send one dollar and five cents to COMFORT and they will send the best magazine in the world for one year to seven of your friends and a superbly gotten up book full of rib-tickling, mirth-provoking, laughter-raising pieces, that will keep you in good humor for the rest of your life. The book contains my autograph, and is sold in Western stores for one dollar. You can readily sell it after you have read it, and be a half a dollar ahead. Now get busy please and let's get some results.

If the young lady who wrote from the convent, Auburndale, Mass., will write me again during her vacation, I shall be most happy to give her the advice she desires. Her letter was greatly appreciated, and she may consider Uncle Charlie is her true friend and relative for life.

No names are put on the correspondence list, unless they are written on a separate slip of paper, with the writer's age and address. If you are too lazy to do this, don't ask me to tell the cousins to write to you, for I won't do it. A part of my mission in life is to teach helpless, thoughtless people to be helpful and thoughtful. It is a hard and thankless task, but I am going to persist in it.

Piles of letters containing five cents for League membership still pour in. You can't crawl under the canvas for five cents. Every member of this League must be a subscriber, or bring in a subscriber when he or she joins. If you don't take enough interest in the League's magazine to want to help to keep it going, stay outside the show. It costs 20 cents to get into the C. L. O. C., and this entitles you to COMFORT for one year as well as the card and button.

The Impatient Brigade are kicking about not receiving their cards and buttons, before we've got their letters opened. Allow six weeks to elapse before you get on your high horse and walk all over me. Those people who won't write their names—mind I didn't say can't, I said won't—should invest in a rubber stamp with their name and address on it. If you could see Toby, Billy the Goat, Maria, and yours hilariously standing on our heads trying to decipher your names and addresses you would have some pity on us. Well, I think I've done a pretty good growl for this month, and so I'll now butt into the letters.

GRASS VALLEY, OREGON, Dec. 30, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I recently took a trip up the majestic Columbia River, which forms the Northern boundary line of the grand old state of Oregon.

As the great gong on the massive tower of the Portland Union Station struck out the hour of seven o'clock, my chum and I hastily arose from our tumbled up beds before the last brazen notes had entirely ceased their echoing.

Scarce ten minutes had elapsed till we found our-

selves seated in the large dining-room of the Union Station with the good things of the table rapidly disappearing before us. As our train did not leave until 9:30 we still had plenty of time to go down to the Water Front and visit the Ainsworth Dock owned by the O. R. and N. Co.

Breakfast being over, we started out through the terminal yards, and after crossing a number of tracks we soon came to the water front where the Stevedores were loading the beautiful steamship Columbia with precious freight bound for the earthquake city of San Francisco.

Eight-thirty found us leaving the Ainsworth Dock to find our train, the Chicago Portland Special being made up there for its far Eastern journey. Hastily glancing over our train we find she is as beautiful as any of the great trans-continental trains entering the city of Portland. As she stands on the sidetrack before the waiting-rooms of the Union Depot, we glance at the locomotive a thing of life and beauty, spinning over the rails with the grace of a serpent, her great electric searchlight will pierce the inky darkness of night for thirty telegraph poles ahead. As the depot master calls out the hour of departure, we swing ourselves up into one of the day coaches for our journey up the Columbia. With a clang of the bell on the giant locomotive we find ourselves gliding from the Union Station onto the steel bridge. Here we catch a glimpse of all the crafts for miles up and down the mighty Willamette.

Glimming from our car window we watch the ever-changing panorama of rivers, valleys, mountains and trees gradually fade away in the distance. Scarce thirty minutes have passed till we rush over the Sandy River and giant mountains loom up around us. Scarce three minutes have passed since leaving the Sandy till we thunder into the great Columbia Gorge.

The gray monolith known as Rooster Rock, seems to stand like a sentinel guarding the entrance to the great Gorge of the Columbia. The Redmen regarded the great gray monolith as a god, and prayed to the mighty Manitou to stand like a sentinel forever to guard and watch over their simple wigwams. While the great walls of the gorge tower above us, half hidden by tree and vine, each trying to out-do the other as they race over the verdure-clad wall of rock.

We soon swing round a curve of the mighty river. Three beautiful mountain peaks, Adams, St. Helens and Hood, tower above us in the distance, all decked in a raiment of eternal snow. Soon we are rushing past the beautiful Falls of Mutnomah, Bridal Veil and Horse Tail. "Oh, how beautiful!" we exclaim as we glance across the Columbia to the Washington side and behold the great gray monolith known as Cape Horn, which pierces the sky a distance of 400 feet.

canal for the handling of traffic by water which would probably run opposition to the railways on either side of the river and bring reduced rates to the farmers of the Great Inland Empire who find a good market for all of their produce in the city of Portland. The O. R. and N. Co.'s main line follows the Columbia for a distance of 200 miles, giving the tourist and settler the chance of seeing some of the finest scenery in the world. At Biggs Junction I leave the train while my chum goes farther on to the East, taking the train on the Columbia Southern which runs through the Southern part of the Great Inland Empire known the world over as being the greatest cereal-raising country in the United States.

Your nephew,
L. M. NELSON.

Lawrence, your trip up the Columbia River is admirably described, though I am somewhat inclined to believe you've been biting several chunks out of the identical guide book that I drew on when I made the same trip some fifteen years ago in company with Mr. Lewis, and Mrs. Clarke. We were sent by President Madison, who built the Madison Square Theater, to assist in discovering the Pacific Coast, and the home of the waters of the canned salmon. Incidentally we discovered Mount Hood, named for Mr. Hood, the Sarsaparilla man, and Mr. Hood presented us with a bottle of his liquid for that tired feeling which I contracted several years before I was born, and which I have been most violently afflicted with ever since. All the people who climb Mount Hood have that tired feeling before they reach the top, so it is a good thing they can take something for it. I have been taking something for my tired feeling for several hundred years, but I don't seem to effect a cure. Harking back to your letter, Lawrence, you say that as you started, the clock struck out the hour of seven. That means that you have only 23 hours per day in Portland, "23," that is the skiddoo number. A clock that strikes out the hours as recklessly as this ought to be arrested, and made to do time, instead of trying to keep time. A nice thing, indeed to have an hour a day struck out of your life, just when you probably need it most. Time is a precious commodity, and it is an outrage that you should let your clock destroy the precious hours thus. You'll get an eight-hour day in Portland, without any legislation from Congress, if that old clock keeps up its monkey shines.

You also say that when you got into the dining-room at the depot, you "witnessed the good things of the table disappearing before us." If a restaurant is intended for anything it is to provide food for hungry people, and yet you no sooner enter than they grab up the doughnuts, coffee, sinkers, and tableware, and run for their lives. It is very suspicious when food disappears before you—looks as though you hadn't the price to pay for it. Food should disappear into you, and down you, but never before you. Your description implies that some other Gink chewed up all the grub, before you got your appetite up to the table, or else the coffee squirts, and porridge pushers, get leary of your looks, and beat it to the basement with the grub ornaments until you had transferred your features to another climate. You say the electric searchlight will pierce the inky darkness for thirty telegraph poles ahead. When I was out there the headlight on the engine would pierce the darkness for nothing at

had a good time. Uncle, you ought to see our little town, it is a busy little place. I took the girls out for a sleigh ride last night; we didn't get in till morning. We have fine skating on the big creek now. The boys and girls go skating every night on the ice. I have a fine home. I will answer all letters and cards, even if I have to pile them on a hay wagon to haul them to the post-office.

ADAM SHRIVER (No. 14,568).

Adam, your letter has greatly distressed me. I have shed many buckets of bitter tears over it. I started this League to enable young folks to get together for mutual improvement, and by the exchange of interesting and helpful letters, learn more about each other and the grand country in which we live. My intentions were of the best, my idea solely to do good, and I have endeavored by every means in my power to keep this League above reproach, and permit no questionable character to get into it. That's what I've tried to do, and I find my aims and endeavors have come to naught, and the whole League disgraced by the action of one of its members, and if you'll read Adam's letter, you'll know who that member is. I hear you say, "Uncle Charlie, what have I done to incur your wrath and displeasure?" Adam, don't ask me, don't ask me, but look at your letter, and read there the confession you have made publicly to six millions of people—an act of infamy that I cannot permit to go unchallenged, an act that will certainly bring you into the clutches of the law, if you don't immediately reform and lead a law-abiding, reputable life, as all young men should. You come before this majestic tribunal, this superb multitude of America's best people, without a blush on your voice, or a tremor on your cheek, and inform us in the coolest and most matter-of-fact way that you have been "Firing on the railroad!" Apparently you have been engaged in this sanguinary work for one year, and no one will ever know what ruin and destruction has been the result of your actions. Firing on the railroad! Can't you hear the bullets crashing through the Pullman car windows, and perforating the passengers as they lie asleep in their berths, or sit at the dinner-tables pushing pie into their faces. Ah, it's terrible to think of the ruin and destruction that ensues, when a young man quits the paths of rectitude, and gun in hand goes out to fire on the railroad. Oh, Adam, do promise you will discard your gun forever, and quit this terrible work of making widows and orphans. Cousins, let us all beg Adam to be a good boy and behave. Some of us may be traveling on the very road that he is firing on, and then maybe we'll come home with empty steen bullets in our refrigerators. The thing is too terrible to contemplate, and it's going to stop, or Adam can't stay in the League. Toby says Adam only fires on the engine. Well, that's just as bad, the engineer's life is just as precious to him as anyone else. If Adam fired on the engine and hit the engineer, then we'd have a wreck sure. Adam writes me that he'd like to meet an Eve, if there are any Eves in the League. The only eve I know is Christmas Eve, and until Adam quits firing on the railroad, we won't introduce him to a single Eve, no sir, not even Christmas Eve. We must get Even somehow.

An unusually interesting letter from a Wisconsin cousin will now entrance us.

BOX 117, SHEBOYGAN, R. F. D., 5, WIS.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I'll write you a letter, and hope to find you in good spirits. I used to be a watchman in the furniture warehouse of McHugh, Dwyer Co., of Chicago, which was located here. Shortly after March 7th last, it was destroyed by fire, and my job "went up in smoke." Since then, I have had quite an uphill struggle again, to make "both ends meet," and they're still quite a distance apart yet. I have had an awful time with my stomach for the past seven years, or nearly that, and in consequence, cannot do any hard or heavy work, as I used to, and can only eat a small amount of certain kinds of food. I have been doing some house-painting the past summer, and found it agreed with me pretty well, as I was out in the fresh air all of the time, which is what I like and need. I could not work in one of these "State's Prisons" of factories here, if I were to be paid five dollars a day. I would not last a month. I would not be able to eat anything. Still, no matter how bad off we may be, we can always find someone in a worse condition. Six years ago I was in a hospital for a time, and I thought I was pretty bad, but I could get outside and walk around a little, but I tell you, Uncle Charlie, I looked like some of the boys of the Civil War, who were in Andersonville Prison. Still, I thought I was fine, compared to some poor souls who were lying in bed there for months, unable to hardly move, and had to be cared for like infants by the good, kind, noble "Sisters," who were continually on the go, attending to some poor patient.

I sincerely sympathize with our poor shut-ins, and endeavor to send a little cheer to some of them when I can.

My father was a soldier during the Civil War, for a time at least; enlisted in the Third Wisconsin Infantry, June, 1861, and was wounded at Winchester, Va., May 25th, 1862, and sustained a fracture of the skull, a bullet having struck him about two inches from the forehead, right on top of his head. There was a depression in the skull, you could put the tip of your finger in about half an inch. He suffered terribly all his life in consequence. No one knows what he did suffer. When he was struck, some of his comrades were carrying him along, or rather after he was struck, and being too closely pressed by "Stonewall Jackson," were obliged to drop him on the sidewalk, in the streets of Winchester. One of them ran into a dwelling and begged a woman to "save that poor, wounded soldier for God's sake." She asked if he had a family, and upon being told he had a wife and four small children in Wisconsin, went out where the bullets were flying, and as my father was paralyzed and unable to move, caught him by the shoulders, and dragged him through the gate in the high board fence which enclosed her lot, while six or seven bullets pierced the gate before she had accomplished the act, and closed the gate. I wish I could meet that brave woman, or her daughter, who also helped to carry my father into the house, and wash the blood from his face and head. I would like to thank them for that noble deed.

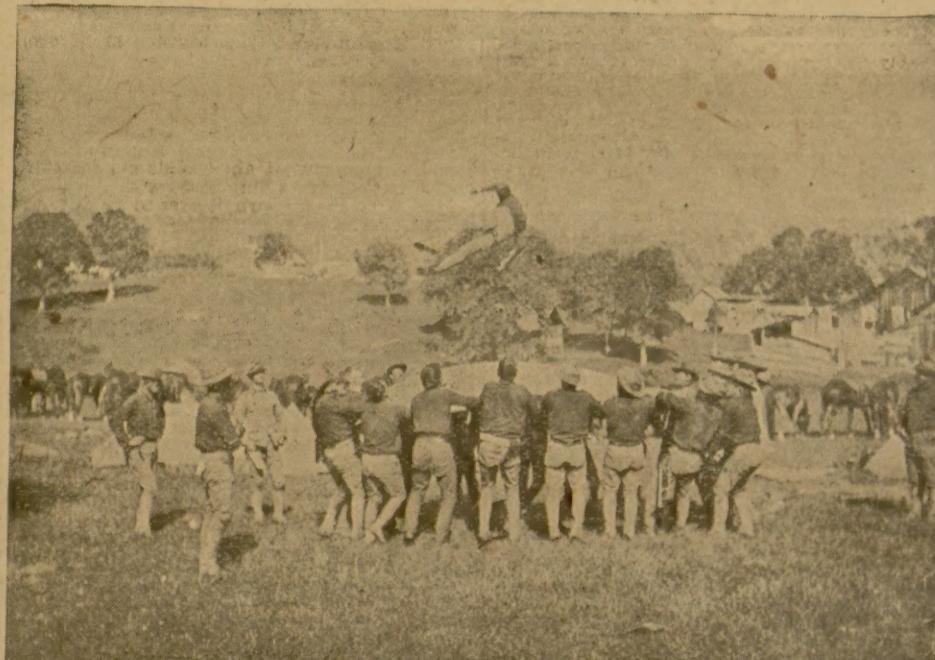
She told him though, "If he had been from Massachusetts, she would not have saved him, and if he were General Banks, she would have knocked the rest of his brains out." My father died from effects of the wound and other diseases contracted in the army, in Jan. 1900. We miss our dear ones when they're gone, and you may be sure I miss my father. I have a good many articles of his which no money could buy. I have a pipehead one of the "boys" made from I think, a laurel root, at Winchester Va., and a knife he brought from there—a pocket knife—has one large blade, which fastens open with a spring back, a top which he used when a boy. I have a gold dollar set in a ring, which dollar he received from "Uncle Sam" when he was discharged, in 1862.

My mother is living with me. She is seventy-five years of age, and is "keeping house" for me. I have two sisters in the city of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and one in Vermont. Your nephew,

JOHN F. CANNON (9,763).

Bravo, John! you've written an exceedingly interesting letter, and that incident of the war, where that brave woman saved your father, is one of the most dramatic, and sublimely heroic things I've ever heard of. It is a great pity

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



THE BREATHLESS OCCUPANT OF THE BLANKET IS THROWN HIGH IN THE AIR.

Another turn of the river brings us in sight of the Pillars of Hercules; their beautiful moss-covered sides tower heavenward far above us. Soon the Cascades of the Columbia appear where the government has spent \$4,000,000 to overcome the obstacles to steamboat navigation, while the North abutment of the Bridge of the Gods appear to stand like a monument to a race long departed to the Happy Hunting Grounds, or the Heaven of the noble Redmen.

Still the train speeds onward mile after mile, each mile bringing fresh landscapes to our view. The merry hum of the swift revolving wheels is suddenly broken by a long blast of the whistle and our train begins to slacken her pace as we draw into the little City of Hood River, which nestles at the foot of that grand old mountain which acted as a guidemark to Lewis and Clark, on their journey to the coast. Soon we are once more rushing on our way at the rate of 40 miles per hour. We notice the hills grow more desolate of their pine trees, and the beautiful falls and cascades gradually grow less and less. As the train swings slightly to the right, Melamorse Island the Indian City of the Dead comes to our view, while a gray marble shaft raised to the memory of Vic Trevitt, who was beloved by the Redmen, acts as a guidemark to the passing river steamers.

Now and then we catch a glimpse of some railroader's camps among the trees and rocks on the North bank of the Columbia, hastily glancing from our car windows we catch a glimpse of a large cloud of dust, where the side of some noble cliff has been blown into the smooth waters below, offering an abutment to the railroad grade. Scarce thirty-five minutes have passed since leaving Hood River till we pull into the Dalles on the Columbia, which has always been a fighting ground and haunt of the Indian. We notice the rugged formation of rock which seems to embrace the noble stream on either side of the river. Along the hills of the Columbia we go and suddenly catch a glimpse of Celilo Falls which have always been a fishing or a council ground for the various tribes of Indians of the Upper Columbia Basin. Here the State of Oregon has built a Portage railroad to operate in connection with a line of steamers on the Upper Columbia, perhaps the day is not far distant when the government will proceed to build a

canal for the handling of traffic by water which

would probably run opposition to the railways on

either side of the river and bring reduced rates to

the farmers of the Great Inland Empire who find a

good market for all of their produce in the city of

Portland. The O. R. and N. Co.'s main line follows

the Columbia for a distance of 200 miles, giving the

tourist and settler the chance of seeing some of the

finest scenery in the world. At Biggs Junction I

leave the train while my chum goes farther on to

the East, taking the train on the Columbia Southern

which runs through the Southern part of the

Great Inland Empire known the world over as

being the greatest cereal-raising country in the

United States.

S T . E L M O

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Edna goes to her grandfather's blacksmith shop, where he is shoeing a vicious horse. The master, impatient at the delay, curses her grandfather. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory, and boards the train at Chattanooga. Night comes on and she is awoken by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edna, severely injured, is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, who will educate her, exacting certain things. St. Elmo, Mrs. Murray's son, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval, and in his voice, recognizes the man who cursed her grandfather. She falls asleep in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dog near her, and thunders for her to keep still. He seizes the dog and commands the girl to bring him a stick. She pleads for the dog and snatching the stick from his hand refuses to give it back. St. Elmo is dumbfounded at this. He walks up and down his elegantly decorated rooms. One slab is a miniature tomb, the richly carved door of which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chain.

Mrs. Murray secures Mr. Hammond as Edna's instructor, and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. St. Elmo starts on a long journey. He intrusts the key to Edna's keeping on two conditions; first not to mention it to anyone, and that she will not open the tomb, unless he fails to return at the end of four years and she has good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trust. Gordon Leigh, a young man of wealth, studies with Edna, and together they begin Hebrew. Edna receives an invitation to a party given by Mrs. Inge, Gordon Leigh's sister. He gives Edna a curious ring with character meaning, "Peace be with thee." Edna goes to the party and overears others and criticisms concerning her mother and the scheming to make a marriage between her and Gordon Leigh.

Edna goes to the library. She is conscious of some unseen presence. She walks up to the tomb, and takes the key from its hiding-place. Unless she has reason to believe he is dead she is not to open it. Again she is positive of some powerful influence, and looking up sees Mr. Murray. He is ready to receive an account of her stewardship. He doubts her; if she has kept her promise there will be a report. He had thought his confidence killed. She stands firm. Edna is seized with authorship and submits her work. Mrs. Murray announces the coming of her niece, Estelle Harding. St. Elmo objects. Edna receives her rejected manuscript from Douglass G. Manning.

Gordon Leigh offers his heart and home to Edna; she refuses him. St. Elmo queries in the presence of his mother who writes to Edna from New York. Mr. Manning reconsiders his opinion and writes Edna she may send the manuscript as far as written. Mrs. Murray insists that she see the letter. She doubts Edna's word, and she reluctantly shows Mr. Manning's signature. Clinton Allston is announced. In him she sees the slayer of Harry Dent and refuses recognition. St. Elmo demands an apology. Edna remains firm in her conviction.

Mr. Hammond has visitors in his niece, Agnes Powell, and her daughter, Gertrude. St. Elmo bitterly criticizes an article in Manning's magazine. She confesses to Mrs. Murray that she is the author of the essay. St. Elmo ridicules and gossips about her work. St. Elmo gazes on the scene.

Tired that she loves St. Elmo comes to Edna, and she decides to leave Le Bocage. Mrs. Murray pleads with her to stay. Gertrude Powell is fascinated with St. Elmo and wonders if it is wrong to love him. St. Elmo brings a celebrated doctor to Hulda Reed and finds Edna there. She gives him a note from Gertrude. If she had only gone before she knew there was any redeeming qualities in his sinful nature. St. Elmo confesses the sin and shame of his past wretched life. Gertrude stands between them. He loves only Edna. Her heart pleads for him and itself. She does not yield. Edna visits her old home, and sees a monument erected by St. Elmo, to the memory of her grandfather. She goes to New York and becomes governess to Mrs. Andrews' children.

Douglas Manning calls on Miss Earl and offers assistance. Henceforth she will occupy a different position in the home. Felix objects. Edna goes to the opera with Mr. Manning. She meets Gordon Leigh, who tells her the rumor of St. Elmo's marriage to Estelle Harding.

Standing by Murray Hammond's grave St. Elmo hears the aged father talking, and seeing St. Elmo Mr. Hammond pleads with him. His magnanimity unnerves St. Elmo; he asks for forgiveness and promises to visit Mr. Hammond. Sir Roger Percival invites Edna for a drive in the Park. She is the envy of every woman. A letter from Mrs. Murray announces the marriage of Gordon Leigh to Agnes Powell. Mr. Manning purchases a beautiful home and asks Edna to share it with him. Can she consent to become Douglas Manning's wife? She does not comprehend the request and he begs her to take a day or a week, if need be, for consideration. She will never meet his superior and yet she cannot accept his flattering offer. He will not forsake her as long as they both shall live.

Edna has a severe illness which causes alarm. Her physician advises rest. Edna rather die working than live a drone. Felix's feeble health compels Mrs. Andrews to take him to the seashore. Edna accompanies them. She receives a letter from Mrs. Murray. Mr. Hammond is very ill and needs Edna. She makes a desperate fight with her famishing heart, and in her utter loneliness turns to Felix—she must have some one to love. She knows that he loves her better than anything else in the world. If there is any good in him he thanks her for it. Sir Roger Percival comes to see Edna and tells her why he comes back to New York instead of sailing from Europe. Mrs. Andrews considers Edna the rockiest woman in America, and when she tells her Sir Roger sails tomorrow for England. Mrs. Andrews has no patience and, going upstairs, mutters, "Show me a gifted woman a genius and I will show you a fool." Mrs. Andrews returns to the city. Edna has another severe attack. She raises and goes on with her work. Mrs. Murray goes to see Edna. Why has she not told her she is ill? Mrs. Murray would have been there before but detained by Estelle's marriage. Edna looks vacantly and her lips whiten as she asks, "Did you say Estelle—was married?"

CHAPTER XXXI. (CONTINUED.)

YES, my dear. She is now in New York with her husband. They are going to Paris."

"She married your—"

The head fell forward on Mrs. Murray's bosom, and as in a dream she heard the answer:

"Estelle married that young Frenchman, Victor De Sansure, whom she met in Europe. Edna, what is the matter? My child!"

She found that she could not rouse her, and in great alarm called for assistance.

Mrs. Andrews promptly resorted to the remedies advised by Dr. Howell; but it was long before Edna fully recovered, and then she lay with her eyes closed, and her hands clasped across her forehead.

Mrs. Murray sat beside the sofa weeping silently, while Mrs. Andrews briefly acquainted her with the circumstances attending former attacks. When the latter was summoned from the room and all was quiet, Edna looked up at Mrs. Murray, and tears rolled over her cheeks as she said:

"I was so glad to see you, the great joy and the surprise overcame me. I am not as strong as I used to be in the old days at Le Bocage, but after a little I shall be myself. It is only occasionally that I have these attacks of faintness. Put your hand on my forehead, as you did years ago, and let me think that I am a little child again. Oh, the unspeakable happiness of being with you once more!"

"Hush! do not talk now, you are not strong enough!"

Mrs. Murray kissed her, and tenderly smoothed the hair back from her blue-veined temples, where the blood still fluttered irregularly.

For some minutes the girl's eyes wandered eagerly over her companion's countenance, trac-

ing there the outlines of another and far dearer face, and finding a resemblance between mother and son which she had never noticed before. Then she closed her eyes again, and a half smile curved her trembling mouth, for the voice and the touch of the hand seemed indeed Mr. Murray's.

"Edna, I shall never forgive you for not writing to me, telling me frankly of your failing health."

"Oh! scold me as much as you please. It is a luxury to hear your voice even in reproof."

"I knew mischief would come of this separation from me. You belong to me, and I mean to have my own, and take proper care of you in future. The idea of your working yourself to a skeleton for the amusement of those who care nothing about you is simply preposterous, and I intend to put an end to such nonsense."

"Mrs. Murray, why have you not mentioned Mr. Hammond? I almost dread to ask about him."

"Because you do not deserve to hear from him. A grateful and affectionate pupil you have proved, to be sure. Oh, Edna! what has come over you, child? Are you so intoxicated with your triumphs that you utterly forget your old friends, who loved you when you were unknown to the world? At first I thought so.

I believed that you were heartless, like all of your class, and completely wrapped up in ambitious schemes. But, my darling, I see I was wronged you. Your poor white face reproaches me for my injustice, and I feel that success has not spoiled you; that you are still my little Edna—my sweet child—my daughter. Be quiet now, and listen to me, and try to keep that flutter out of your lips. Mr. Hammond is no worse than he has been for many months, but he is very feeble, and cannot live much longer. You know very well that he loves you tenderly, and he says he cannot die in peace without seeing you once more. Every day, when I go over to the parsonage, his first question is, 'Ellen, is she coming?—have you heard from her?' I wish you could have seen him when St. Elmo was reading your book to him. It was the copy you sent; and when we read aloud the joint dedication to him and to myself, the old man wept, and asked for his glasses, and tried to read it, but could not.

Edna put out her hand with a mute gesture, which her friend well understood, and she paused and was silent; while the governess turned her face to the wall, and wept softly, trying to compose herself.

Ten minutes passed, and she said: "Please go on now, Mrs. Murray, and tell me all he said. You can have no idea how I have longed to know what you all at home thought of my little book. Oh! I have been so hungry for home praise! I sent the very earliest copies to you and to Mr. Hammond, and I thought it so hard that you never mentioned them at all."

"My dear, it was my fault, and I confess it freely. Mr. Hammond, of course, could not write, but he trusted to me to thank you in his name for the book and the dedication. I was really angry with you for not coming home when I wrote for you; and I was jealous of your book, and would not praise it, because I knew you expected it. But because I was silent, do you suppose I was not proud of my little girl? If you could have seen the tears I shed over some of the eulogies pronounced upon you, and heard all the ugly words I could not avoid uttering against some of your critics, you could not doubt my thorough appreciation of your success. My dear, it is impossible to describe Mr. Hammond's delight, as we read your novel to him. Often he would say: 'St. Elmo, read that passage again. I knew she was a gifted child, but I did not expect that she would ever write such a book as this.' When we read the last chapter he was completely overcome, and said, repeatedly, 'God bless my little Edna! It is a noble book, it will do good—much good!' To me it seems almost incredible that the popular author is the same little lame, crushed orphan, whom I lifted from the grass at the railroad track, seven years ago."

Edna had risen, and was sitting on the edge of the sofa, with one hand supporting her cheek, and a tender glad smile shining over her features, as she listened to the commendation of those dearer than all the world beside. Mrs. Murray watched her anxiously, and sighed, as she continued:

"If ever a woman had a worshiper, you certainly possess one in Hulda Reed. It would be amusing, if it were not touching, to see her bending in ecstasy over everything you write; over every notice of you that meets her eye. She regards you as her model in all respects. You would be surprised at the rapidity with which she acquires knowledge. She is a pet of St. Elmo's, and repays his care and kindness with a devotion that makes people stare; the child's affection for him seems incomprehensible to those who only see the rough surface of his character. She never saw a frown on his face or heard a harsh word from him, for he is strangely tender in his treatment of the little thing. Sometimes it makes me start when I hear her merry laugh ringing through the house, for the sound carries me far back into the past, when my own children romped and shouted at Le Bocage. You were always a quiet, demure, and rather solemn child; but this St. Elmo is so astonishingly patient with her, that Estelle accuses him of being in his dotage. Oh, Edna! it would make you glad to see my son and that orphan child sitting together reading the Bible. Last week I found them in the library; she was fast asleep with her head on his knee, and he sat with his open Bible in his hand. He is so changed in his manner that you would scarcely know him, and oh! I am so happy and so grateful, I can never thank God sufficiently for the blessing!"

Mrs. Murray sobbed, and Edna bent her own head low in her palms.

For some seconds both were silent. Mrs. Murray seated herself close to the governess, and clasped her arms around her.

"Edna, why did you not tell me all? Why did you leave me to find out by accident that which should have been confided to me?"

The girl trembled, and a fiery spot burned on her cheeks as she pressed her forehead against Mrs. Murray's bosom, and said hastily:

"To what do you allude?"

"Why did you not tell me that my son loved you, and wished to make you his wife? I never knew what passed between you until about a month ago, and then I learned it from Mr. Hammond. Although I wondered why St. Elmo went as far as Chattanooga with you on your way North, I did not suspect any special interest, for his manner betrayed none when, after his return, he merely said that he found no one on the train to whose care he could commit you. Now I know all—know why you left Le Bocage; and I know, too, that in God's hands you have been the instrument of bringing St. Elmo back to his duty—to his old noble self! Oh! Edna, my child! If you could know how I love and thank you! How I long to fold you in my arms—so! and call you my daughter! Edna Murray—St. Elmo's wife! Ah! how proud I shall be of my own daughter! When I took a little bruised, moaning, home-spun-clad

girl into my house, how little I dreamed that I was sheltering unawares the angel who was to bring back happiness to my son's heart, and to peace to my own!"

She lifted the burning face, and kissed the quivering lips repeatedly.

"Edna, my brave darling! how could you resist St. Elmo's pleading? How could you tear yourself away from him? Was it because you feared that I would not willingly receive you as a daughter? Do not shiver so—answer me!"

"Oh! do not ask me! Mrs. Murray spare me! This is a subject which I cannot discuss with you."

"Why not, my child? Can you not trust the mother of the man you love?"

Edna unwound the arms that clasped her, and rising, walked away to the mantelpiece. Leaning heavily against it, she stood for some time with her face averted, and beneath the veil of long, flowing hair Mrs. Murray saw the slight figure sway to and fro, like a reed shaken by the breeze.

"Edna, I must talk to you about a matter which alone brought me to New York. My son's happiness is dearer to me than my life, and I have come to plead with you, for his sake, if not for your own, at least to—

"It is useless! Do not mention his name again! Oh, Mrs. Murray! I am feeble today: spare me! Have mercy on my weakness!"

She put out her hand appealingly, but in vain.

"One thing you must tell me. Why did you refuse him?"

"Because I could not respect his character. Oh! forgive me! You force me to say it—because I knew that he was unworthy of any woman's confidence and affection."

The mother's face flushed angrily, and she rose and threw her head back with the haughty defiance peculiar to her family.

"Edna Earl, how dare you speak to me in such terms of my own son? There is not a woman on the face of the broad earth who ought not to feel honored by his preference—who might not be proud of his hand. What right have you to pronounce him unworthy of trust? Answer me!"

"The right to judge him from his own account of his past life. The history which he gave me condemns him. His crimes make me shrink from him."

"Crimes? take care, Edna. You must be beside yourself! My son is no criminal. He was unfortunate and rash, but his impiety was certainly pardonable under the circumstances."

"All things are susceptible of palliation in a mother's partial eyes," answered the governess.

"St. Elmo fought a duel, and afterward carried on several flirtations with women who were weak enough to allow themselves to be trifled with; moreover, I shall not deny that at one period of his life he was lamentably dissipated; but all that happened long ago, before you knew him. How many young gentlemen indulge in the same things, and are never even reprimanded by society, much less denounced as criminals? The world sanctions duelling and flirting, and you have no right to set your extremely rigid notions of propriety above the verdict of modern society. Custom justifies many things which you seem to hold in utter abhorrence. Take care that you do not find yourself playing the Pharisee on the street corners."

Mrs. Murray walked up and down the room twice, then came to the hearth.

"Well, Edna, I am waiting to hear you."

"There is nothing that I can say which would not wound or displease you; therefore, dear Mrs. Murray, I must be silent."

"Retract the hasty words you uttered just now; they express more than you intended."

"I cannot! I meant all I said. Offences against God's law, which you consider pardonable—and which the world winks at and permits, and even defends—I regard as grievous sins. I believe that every man who kills another in a duel deserves the curse of Cain, and should be shunned as a murderer. My conscience assures me that a man who can deliberately seek to gain a woman's heart merely to gratify his vanity, or to wreak his hate by holding her up to scorn, or trifling with the love which he has won, is unprincipled, and should be ostracized by every true woman. Were you the mother of Murray and Annie Hammond, do you think you could so easily forgive their murderer?"

"Their father forgives and trusts my son, and you have no right to sit in judgment upon him. Do you suppose that you are holier than that white-haired saint whose crown of glory is waiting for him in heaven? Are you so much purer than Allan Hammond that you fear contamination from one to whom he clings?"

"No—no—no! You wrong me. If you could know how humble is my estimate of myself, you would not taunt me so cruelly; you would only—pit me!"

The despairing agony in the orphan's voice touched Mrs. Murray's proud heart, and tears softened the indignant expression of her eyes, as she looked at the feeble form before her.

"Edna, my poor child, you must trust me.

"One thing I must know—I have a right to ask—do you not love my son? You need not blush to acknowledge it to me."

She waited awhile, but there was no reply, and softly her arm stole around the girl's waist.

"My daughter, you need not be ashamed of your affection for St. Elmo."

Edna lifted her face from the mantel, and clasping her hands across her head, exclaimed:

"Do I love him? Oh! none but God can ever know how entirely my heart is his! I have struggled against his fascination—oh! indeed I have wrestled and prayed against it! But today—I do not deceive myself—I feel that I love him as I can never love any other human being. You are his mother, and you will pity me when I tell you that I fall asleep praying for him—that in my dreams I am with him once more—that the first thought on waking is still of him. What do you suppose it cost me to give him up? Oh! is it hard, think you, to live in the same world and yet never look on his face, never hear his voice? God only knows how hard! If he were dead, I could bear it better. But, ah! to live with this great sea of silence between us—a dreary, cold, mocking sea, crossed by no word, no whisper, filled only with slowly, sadly-sailing ghosts of precious memories! Yes, yes! despite all his unworthiness—despite the verdict of my judgment, and the upbraiding of my conscience—I love him! I love him! You can sympathize with me. Do not reproach me; pity me, oh! pity me in my feebleness!"

See first page illustration.

She put out her arms like a weary child and dropped her face on Mrs. Murray's shoulder.

"My child, if you had seen him the night before I left home, you could not have resisted any longer the promptings of your own heart. He told me all that had ever passed between you; how he had watched

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

your father did not get that heroic soul's name, and you ought to have married the daughter, and have rounded out the story. I am sorry you are having such a time with your stomach. I have a great deal of trouble with mine. I have a dreadful time to get anything to put in it, and three or four hours after I have filled it up, the durned thing gets empty again. Seems to me there must be some fellow inside me who swipes everything I drop into it. Maybe there is a hole in it. If there is, I wish I could plug it up, as that hole is a dreadful nuisance to me. I'm glad you've been a watchman, John, because I was a watchman myself once. I was engaged in a factory where they made opera glasses and spectacles for the blind. I slept all night, and in the morning when the folks came to work, I went all over the factory and collected four hundred watches. I addressed each of the employees thus: "You'll kindly hand me over your watch?" Then they looked at me suspiciously (most people do), and said, "Give you my watch, what for?" Then I replied, "Because I am the watchman, and I've been appointed to keep watch, so give me your watch so I can keep it. That's the orders of the firm." That day I went home with four hundred watches, and then a platoon of police fell through the door of my room, and grabbed me. "What are you doing with these watches?" said the Chief. "I'm the watchman, Chief," was my reply, "and my mother told me I was to keep good time, and I am trying to do what my mother told me, and I hope, Chief, you will always do as your mother told you." Then they took the watches away, and told me to watch out or I'd get into trouble. You speak, John, about not being able to make both ends meet. When you can't make both ends meat, make one meat, and the other vegetables, and you'll do very nicely. John Cannon! I've got a friend named John Gunn, and his son is a son of a Gunn. Now, John, I will tell you how to cure that stomach trouble of yours. Quit eating all solid food for a month, and live on milk. Drink from two to three quarts of milk a day, sip the milk slowly. This will give your stomach a chance to rest up, and get in good shape. Masticate your food thoroughly, and give it a rest, and you will have no stomach trouble.

Here we have a splendidly written letter, and a superb picture of army life from a military Missouri Cousin.

TAFT, Mo., Feb. 1, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I was at Monterey, California at the time of the 'Frisco earthquake being a member of troop H, 14th U.S. Cavalry.

The shock was felt very distinctly at that place, which is one hundred and twenty-five miles south of San Francisco. The earthquake occurred at 5:15 Wednesday morning, and the second squadron of the 14th Cavalry and eight companies of the 20th Infantry, received orders to proceed at once to San Francisco to preserve order, and aid in relieving the suffering, etc. We remained in San Francisco about two months after the calamity.

To those who have not had experience and are interested in Uncle Sam's "boys in blue," I will give a brief sketch of the life (or existence) of the Cavalry soldier, other branches of the service differing more or less.

Beginning at the recruiting office, the prospective applicant for enlistment feasts his eyes on the pictures of soldiers in gorgeous array, representing the different branches of the service, and whatever scruples he has entertained relative to enlisting, here fade into oblivion, and as the old soldiers say, "he holds up his hand."

He then probably stays at a hotel a few days until a few more have followed his example, then he is sent with the others to a troop that is in need of men.

Here his troubles begin. No matter how intelligent he was in civil life, here he will hardly have enough sense to come in when it rains, and will almost invariably believe anything and everything that is told him by soldiers of longer service. I knew one man who was under the impression for some time that he must pay his board from his monthly salary, an amount which would not be sufficient to pay his board in hardly any boarding-house.

I think the initiation is conceded to be the most trying ordeal through which the recruit passes. This usually comes in the form of a blanket court-martial administered by his comrades, just to show him their hearts are in the right place.

The recruit is brought up for trial before a selected jury, noted for their impartiality (?). Charges are preferred against him, of which he is found guilty. He is then sentenced to perform some task for the amusement of all present. Then comes the army blanket, around which several of the boys have gathered holding it from the ground. The recruit is unceremoniously tossed into the center. Then by all pulling and lifting at the same time, the well-frightened and breathless occupant of the blanket is thrown high in the air. He hardly ever alights on the blanket in the same position twice. If he comes down head first, so much the worse for his head, but he don't stay there long enough to grieve about his error in landing. He is at liberty to change his position on the way up next time. You should hear him gasping for breath as he goes up and down, grasping alternately at the atmosphere and blanket.

Uncle Charlie, do you remember the gasping noise your girl made the first time you put your arm around her? Well, that's the way a recruit breathes when being thrown up in a blanket. I speak from experience. Now, don't understand me to say, I have had my arm around your girl, for I have not. But I have been the center attraction in a blanket court-martial.

I send herewith a photograph of a blanket initiation, taken at Avance, Cal., while we were en route to Yosemite Park.

Next to the blanket initiation the toughest problem for the recruit is trying to keep in a comfortable position on the hurricane deck of a broncho, if he has not had previous experience.

A new recruit who has never ridden anything more difficult to mount than an elevator or street car, trying to ascend to a horse's back by climbing his leg, or any other way his fancy dictates, is worth missing a train to see. But he soon learns to mount, not only at a "halt," but at a gallop as well.

I think I have seen as good horseback riders in the U.S. Cavalry, as I have ever seen in circuses, but this is only accomplished by long and faithful practice.

By dint of perseverance I learned in three years' service to lead my horse to water unassisted. Which does well for anyone claiming Missouri as their home.

While the life of the regular soldier is not as strenuous at present as during the Civil War, they are by no means carried through on flower beds of ease, and if they are loyal enough to leave friends and home and endure the dangers and hardships of the army for the meager compensation allowed them, I think there should be more respect for them, and less censure.

Having done nothing in or out of the army worthy of relating, I will suspend operations for the present.

Wishing you all great lumps of pleasure every day of the new year. I am your slightly demented but ever loving cousin,

CLARENCE W. FRANKS.

Clarence, we are all deeply indebted to you, for your exceedingly interesting, and well-written letter. I would advise you to write more about army life, as you have an nice literary style that is quite pleasing. I am ex-

ceedingly partial to you boys in blue, for I think you do the State a service, the value of which is not properly appreciated, and I think your pay is much less than it ought to be. I would like to see an Army and Navy Union, and all of you go on a strike for more money. No money, no fight. It is an exceedingly foolish idea to think that soldiers are nothing but drunken wastrels. Once upon a time this may have been true, but it is true no longer. An exceedingly good class of men are now joining both Army and Navy, and the old hard drinkers are getting to be the exception. A lot of idiots who knew no more of Army life than a hog knows of astronomy, induced the government to abandon the Army canteen. This on the face of it looked like a good thing for the soldiers, but as a matter of fact it was the worse thing that could have happened to them. The soldier wants his beer, and he is going to have it. The canteen was his club, and there he could sit and drink his beer, and smoke his pipe, and play games, read, and amuse himself as he saw fit, just as a rich man can do at his club. No harm ever came to the soldier in the

thing. It has been hard work for me to write this letter with a pen, my hand shakes so badly, but I hope I've not written in vain. May God reward you dear Uncle and Cousins for the help you are giving to helpless ones. Ever your loving niece.

EDITH FISHLEIGH, (No. 15,576.)

I hope you will try and give this poor girl a wheelchair. She needs it badly. Wheel chairs are costly things, and it takes a good many dimes to buy one. Little Nellie Nichols our President of Wisconsin, who I am thankful to say has been healed of her troubles, and is now able to walk, has by her own unaided efforts raised sufficient money to buy five wheel chairs, and this while she was lying helpless. I don't think the whole League combined has done as well as this.

Edith Fishleigh has no one but her mother to care for her. She has creeping paralysis, and is a great sufferer. There is absolutely no help on earth for this poor girl. All I ask you to do is to send a flood of love, sympathy, sunshine, and cheer into her suffering life, and make her forget her misery for a while. Six millions of people can scatter a lot of sunshine if they get together and do it. Here is your chance, and I hope you will do her a lot of good, and may God bless you in the doing.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aims and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comfort's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us our subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for April

Jim Wall, Oxford, N. C. Jim's birthday falls on May 5th—give him a hearty greeting on that day. Jim is 35, paralyzed—a nice boy. Mrs. Le Roy E. Cole, Box 200, Newport, Vt. Has been a shut-in for twenty-four years, her mother an invalid for thirty-eight years—both want cheery letters and reading. Wm. Sleighter, Alcove, Albany Co., N. Y. Got \$5 towards his invalid chair, as a result of my first appeal for him. These chairs cost \$25, and he needs one desperately bad. Elmer Boyer (19), Cottageville, W. Va. Shut-in for three years. Needs reading, letters and cheer. J. M. Allion, Fayette, Ohio. Invalid. Undergone several operations. Cheer him up. Miss Georgia Roden, Martling, Ala. Invalid twelve years, and would appreciate cheery letters, or remembrances of any kind. Miss Ella C. Platt, 407 Central Park, West N. Y. City, wants us to help her to get a poor old man of seventy—a gentleman by birth—into a home. The old man is ill, and lying in a Bowery Lodging House. Miss Platt is the New York head of the Shut-in Society. \$100 has been raised, \$100 more in needed, and a home for life will be given the old man, in a comfortable home for the aged. Write to Miss Platt, if you want to help. Thomas P. Day, Fauvel Prov., Quebec, Canada. This poor boy only got five letters. He's helpless, mother dead, won't you take compassion on him? C. F. Thombs, East Baldwin, Maine. Partial shut-in. Needs reading matter only. Esther Rosner, Rock Bridge, Ky. Shut-in wants reading and letters only. Mrs. Annie Weaver, Shreve, Ohio. Bed-ridden from rheumatism, wants letters and reading only. Mrs. Harriet Williams, Box 533, Fort Edward, N. Y. Is in an institution, utterly friendless. Wants letters, and any tokens of cheer you want to send. Nelson R. Burnett, and father, both shut-ins, in the Almshouse, Tipton, Iowa. Nelson's mother is just dead, their only friend on earth gone. They would like to get a tiny home of their own if possible. There's your work for April. The work that lays up for you treasure in Heaven, where no thieving bank officials can get at them. Don't forget that seven "subs" will get you Uncle Charlie's book of poems. Pitch in and work for it.

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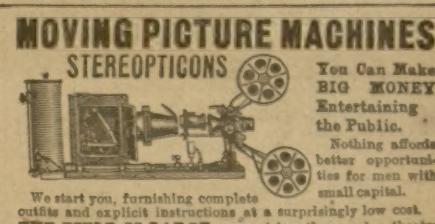


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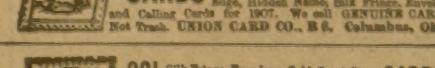
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

Try This Trick

Stoop down and grasp the tops of your shoes, one with each hand, and while in that position try to jump forward. You may be able to clear a few inches, but it has been said that no one can jump the length of their own foot unless they leave go their hold on the shoes. Another peculiar thing is that if you hold your fingers only a hair's breadth away from the shoetops you can easily do it.



BOYS, TRY THIS!

the lead will melt, but the card will not burn. It may be slightly charred at the edges, but under the lead it will be protected from the heat, because the lead is a good heat conductor, and will absorb it as fast as it is furnished by the lamp. Place a red-hot coal upon a piece of metal, which has been placed quite flat upon a stove lid or other flat metallic substance. The cloth will not burn, but if you take it up and place it on a piece of wood it will immediately take fire.

Meat Barrel

A good way to sweeten a barrel which has been used to hold meat or brine is to half fill it with hay and then pour over same a gallon or so of boiling water. Allow it to remain until cool and by that time the hay will have absorbed all impurities and odor. After this wash thoroughly with water to which has been added a few drops of ammonia and your barrel will be as fresh as a brand-new one.

Collapsible House

It is very essential that the sleeping-house of chickens be sunned and aired. The house pictured here readily admits of that as may be easily seen. Briefly stated, the plan is as follows:

The sides are hinged at the bottom, and may be laid flat on the ground; the roof is detachable, and may be taken off at will; it is cleated on the inside, and covered on top with tar paper, or tin. If fitted properly, it serves to keep the sides tight and snug, however, the sides must stand upright before the roof goes on, and to keep them in that position hooks and staples are provided at the upper right-hand corners. Lack of space forbids further details, but we will gladly answer all questions. A house of this pattern will be absolutely free from disease and vermin.

Percentage

Every boy wants to know how to figure the percentage of a ball team. The fractional method is the easiest and may be computed as follows: Form a fraction, using the number of games played for the denominator, and the number won for the numerator, then multiply by one thousand. For instance if a team played 18 games and won 6 your fraction would be 6-18 and this multiplied by 1000 gives us 333 which is the percentage of the team. You can verify this method by looking up the league standing in your newspaper.

Rabbit Coop

Out of two-inch by two-inch strips and one-inch mesh wire netting make an enclosure six feet square and two feet high. Important both for the economy of lumber and neatness is the manner of joining at corners. The illustration makes it clearer than words could. Before tacking the wire on the outside we make the sleeping shed. This is built without framework; the side boards, presumably of four different widths, are nailed to the front and back. The roof is made in one piece, that is, cleated together so it can be lifted off like a lid. The floor is nailed onto the bottom from the outside by simply turning the shed upside down. Put a door on the front or high side and one on the back or low side also. When completed the shed is nailed into the corner of the cage and a runway is erected

IN PROCESS OF MAKING.

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"I congratulate you on your tremendous effort," said the judge. "That speech was a corker." The tone was ironic, and the judge kept both hands tucked clean down to the bottoms of his breeches pockets.

Gene caught the full irony of the words, and a dull slow red crept over his face which soon faded and left him deathly pale. He noted also the absence of the outstretched hand.

"Thank you," he tried to gasp out as if he did not understand, but the words stuck in his

leading to the front door. Study the cuts and you will be able to make this coop without trouble.

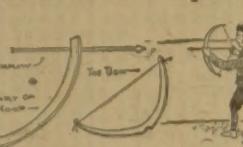
A Nine Trick

More tricks can be done with the figure 9 than with any other digit. Suppose you wish to multiply 67583 by 9. Add a cipher to the large number and place the one to be divided under it and subtract it from the same. The result will be the product of 67583 multiplied by 9 thus 67583 subtracted from 675830 equals 606247. This method can be used with any number.

Arrow

Small boys who like to imitate the Indian warrior of history, now have a chance to do so. Of course a bow and arrow is indispensable, but that is easily procurable.

Cut off a piece of a sound, springy barrel hoop, and tie the ends together with a stout cord stretched taut. Whittle a groove in the center of the bow for the arrow to rest in, so you can take aim, using for the arrow a straight-grained piece of hickory, with a pointed end. Now decorate your cap with feathers, place a target on a tree, and you are ready for action.



THE YOUNG WARRIOR.

Solutions to March Puzzle
The Animals and one Fowl represented in last month's puzzle, were Elephant, Porcupine, Rabbit, Reindeer and Turkey.

The Shadow of a Cross A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Court House, which was an unusually fine building of red sandstone, and they were especially proud of their courtroom, a large oblong room decorated with mural paintings, the only paintings of their kind on the walls of any building in that section of the country.

This work had been executed by Thomas Warren, a young American, who had studied art abroad, but finally drifted back to his native land.

While abroad Warren acquired the drink habit. As long as work occupied his attention, he remained sober, but having finished and received the price of his labor, went on a long debauch, which finally ended in a fit of delirium tremens, from which he died. Thus shamefully ended the life of one who, had the demon drink not fastened upon him, might have risen to a place among the world's greatest artists.

The mural paintings represented Grecian deities in groups of three, such as the Three Graces—beautiful women who stood as emblems of all the brightness, color and perfume of summer; the Three Fates—stern sisters upon whose spindle was spun the thread of every human life; the Three Hesperides in whose western garden golden apples grew; Three Harpies—mischievous meddlers; the Three Gorgon sisters with their terrible faces wreathed in snakes; and the Three Furies, whose mission it was to pursue criminals.

Above the judge's stand, and in strange contrast with all these heathen deities was a figure of the Christ on the cross, and beneath this in gilt letters those last sweet words of compassion: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

This was the last picture Warren had painted. The courtroom was packed with a curious crowd of spectators, for the young prosecuting attorney was known as an able and forceful speaker.

It was known that the Trust had forced a rebate in freight rates, and it was known also that it had used that rebate as an instrument to kill competition, still no one expected Warfield would actually be able to prove this, at least not to a judge and jury already suborned.

First, there were a number of minor cases to be disposed of including a lot of "drunks," and as these sodden wretches lined up one by one each might have stood as a living tombstone bearing his separate inscription of:

"Here died Principle," "Here died Friendship," "Here died Family Ties," "Here died Love," "Here died Self-respect," "Here died Hope," "Here died Ambition." Each representing a grave dug by that old gravedigger—Drink.

With the precision of clockwork the judge called out: "ten," "twenty," "thirty," "sixty," "ninety days" in the workhouse.

After these came a list of petty cases which were disposed of in short order. Then the Harvester Trust case was called and a buzz of excited interest swept through the room, but dwindled into a dull calm as it slowly dragged its way through the long day.

Judge Blodgett sat in his place among the spectators, and as the case proceeded his face gradually assumed a look of perplexity. That look was still there when he went home to dinner, as he asked himself the question: "Can it be because of anything I said to him the other day, or was it in his mind before, I wonder? I am an old man, alas! too old to be my brother's keeper, and I wish I had not spoken as I did."

He was back in his place again during the afternoon session, but it was not until the rebuttal and surrebuttal and the final summing up that the judge's look of perplexity changed to one of dread certainty.

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"Thank you," he tried to gasp out as if he did not understand, but the words stuck in his

throat. Then, he tried to brazen it out by returning the judge's look but he could not, and his eyes grew vulpine and furtive as they drooped before that accusing glance. He could bear it no longer, and worried, haggard, he rushed away as if The Furies had broken loose from their places on the courtroom wall, and were pursuing after him.

Once in the shelter of his own room he threw himself on his bed fairly writhing under the consciousness of his load of guilt.

"The judge was right not to offer me his hand. Shall I ever, I wonder, be able to clasp the hand of an honest man again? All this long day I have felt every soul in the courtroom must know my shame, and must rise and point an accusing finger at me. Mother! mother! could you see your son now! Your words are coming home to me—I have sold myself into a bondage worse than that of slavery. Would that I could be again as on the day we parted! What have I done—what have I done! And Theta, my darling, you spoke the word that parted us before, but by this act of mine you are doubly lost to me now. Yet, never till this hour have I known how much I love you. Ah, little love, you were wise not to link your pure life with mine. I would have dragged you down to my level—I—a wretch so fallen I am not worthy even to kiss your little hand. You are lost to me forever! This thought is maddening—I am in hell—I burn—I burn!"

The minutes dragged into hours; night descended over the city; mothers sang their lullabies and little children cuddled down into the unconscious sleep of innocence, while Warfield's stormy soul struggled with its load of shame. At last driven almost insane by the tortures which his conscience inflicted, he sprang to his feet as the clock chimed out the hour of eight. A sudden thought!

The room was dark; as he turned on the light he laughed bitterly at the reflection of his haggard face in the mirror.

"I cannot go to her looking like this," he thought, "she would think me a ghost."

Bathing, he donned his most costly raiment, and feeling refreshed he went forth. As he passed the open door of a saloon he saw the lights, and heard a sound of revelry within. He had scarcely tasted food since the night before, and feeling shaken the thought came to him to go in and take something to quiet his nerves. He laid down a coin, and called for brandy. The barkeeper recognized him, and looked astonished at seeing him there, for during his years in Excelsior Gene had fought the liquor party with all his power. He raised the brandy to his lips, but the odor nauseated him, and he set it down un tatsäch.

"That man must be crazy," remarked the bartender as he surveyed him curiously.

A bear-eyed old wreck who was leaning over the bar reached out an eager hand.

"Say, Boss, if the gent don't want it there ain't no call for liquor to be wasted; give it tuh me!" A burst of laughter greeted this appeal.

Victoria was playing a Chopin nocturne. At Warfield's entrance she arose and came forward, looking very beautiful in a white gown with creamy lace which veiled, but did not all conceal the snowy curves of her neck.

"I was wondering if I should see you tonight," she said extending her hand. Then she added: "I was sorry to learn of your losing your case today."

Gene failed to notice her hand as he looked at her with despair in his eyes.

"Would you still be sorry if I told you that I lost it—deliberately? I should probably have lost in any case, but still the result might not have been such a complete failure if I had put forth my best efforts. You may not wish to take my hand, Miss Moore, when I tell you that I have been bought." He turned away, gazing out into space.

"You have seen Corcoran?" she asked.

"Yes, I did this thing because he offered me the nomination to Congress," he confessed, writhing under the shame this confession cost him.

Victoria came close and gently drew his hands into hers, looking at him the while with a compelling light in her magnetic eyes.

"Mr. Warfield, I recognize how painful must have been the dual position you were placed in today, being forced, as it were, to serve two interests, but you have done no more than thousands would have done in your place. I would have done the same were I a man and occupying your position. You have trimmed your sails to meet the wind and it is only the strong and the successful who do that. The weak man makes no preparation and is consequently overwhelmed by the first rough gale of circumstance which blows upon him. In doing what you have, you simply obeyed Nature's great law—the survival of the fittest." She dropped his hands and stood smiling at him.

A gasp of relief broke from Warfield. "Your words are very comforting." As he spoke he took in at a glance the artistic furnishings of the room, the pictures on the walls, the bits of statuary, then his eyes came back to the beautiful woman standing there and seeming to hold within herself all its cheering brightness. Then for a time there was silence.

Beneath all Victoria's worldliness was a strain of real feeling. For the helpless despair of Warfield she felt a sudden desire to offer him all the comfort within her power to give.

"Do you know," he went on huskily, "what you have done for me? You have given me back a portion of my self-respect—I no longer feel remorse—words are weak to express the gratitude I feel. I may have other dark hours—I have entered on a devious way, but," and a dark look came over his face, "I have crossed the Rubicon and there is no turning back for me now. Perhaps I shall again feel such remorse as I have felt tonight and a selfish wish is born within me to have you always there beside me to bring me comfort. Victoria, will you be my wife and share whatever Fate has in store for me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUE.

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Feed for Young Turkeys and Goslings

SOAK stale bread in sweet milk, press out the milk as completely as possible, and feed the bread to the young poult. Be careful never to use sour milk, nor should the bread thus prepared, ever be fed after it has become sour. Feed this, a little at a time, every hour or two, for two days or more. Then add a little hard-boiled egg, shell and all, broken fine, to the soaked bread.

After a day or two, follow with a ration of finely broken grain, and include a little finely cut meat. Make sure that the meat scrap is pure and sweet. Nothing is more injurious to the poult than tainted or infected meats of any kind, as it will disturb their bowels in a very few hours, and cause great trouble. Lean beef, well cooked, and cut into very small fragments, is good. Be very cautious about feeding green meat or bone. If any of this is fed, have it cut quite fine, giving but little at first, and be absolutely certain that it is fresh and sweet. Cooked meat is better for them while young.

Coarse sand is excellent for grit, and if sufficient of this is at hand, no other grit will be needed; but plenty of grit of some kind is a necessity, for without it the poult cannot grind their food.

Food should be given them quite early in the morning, and at frequent intervals during the day. Never overfeed them, but use discretion in providing plentifully for their necessities. Give them all they will eat willingly, and no more. Avoid the use of rich foods, grains in hulls, and millet seed, which is not good for them while they are young. A little of this seed, however, may be fed as they grow older. Too much hard-boiled egg is bad for them, while a reasonable amount with bread is beneficial. An excess has a tendency to congest and clog the bowels, and the writer has seen poult die from the effects of a diet exclusively of egg and millet seed. The same injurious effects may be produced by feeding entirely with milk curds.

Bowel trouble must be considered as an assured result of improper feeding, and may be aggravated by exposure to cold and dampness. Indigestion is a prime factor in the development of this ailment, that kills so many turkeys while young. This should be prevented, so far as possible, by the feeding of finely broken charcoal, which is a safeguard against fermentation in the crop or gizzard, thus aiding digestion. The looseness of the bowels should not be mistaken for cholera. It may usually be relieved by feeding rice that has been boiled almost dry in milk.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the practice of hand-feeding. The turkey hens are not so attentive to their young as chicken hens. If all who grow turkeys would pay special attention to hand-feeding of the poult as soon as they are hatched, much benefit might be gained. To be successful with hand-feeding, one must take the food between the finger and thumb, patiently hold it to the beak of the young turkey, and try to induce it to eat. This method of feeding tames and quiets the young poult, gives them good start, and prevents the possible contamination of the food by being thrown upon the ground. Although feeding in this manner may appear to involve considerable labor, the resulting benefits are often far in excess of the time and effort expended.

Too early laying is not desirable, for it has been proven that goslings do not thrive, that are hatched out before the young, tender grass is up in the spring. Feeding has so much influence on egg production, that it can be controlled during the cold weather, when the birds depend almost entirely on what you give them. From November to February 1st., feed enough to keep them in good health, but nothing more. After that date, increase the rations with a mash of cut clover hay, bran, or a little ground oats and corn, adding some bone meal, green bone, or beef scraps, two or three times a week.

Most breeds lay from ten to twenty eggs; then want to set. The first and second clutch of eggs are best stolen, and set under common hens. The last clutch, most breeders let the geese keep and hatch themselves. When a goose gets broody, remove her from the nest, shut her up in a coop large enough for her to stand upright in, but allowing little room for her to move about, place it where she can see and hear her mates, and in a few days she will be ready to go out, soon starting to lay again.

The shell and under skin of geese's eggs are thicker than those of hen's eggs, so care should be exercised not to let either get too dry. When set under hens, sprinkling the floor around the nest will aid in keeping the air moist. Many breeders sprinkle the eggs, or even dip them in water which is new-milk warm. When the goose herself does the incubating, there is no necessity to interfere, for her body gives forth a great amount of moist heat; furthermore, she will bathe every few days when off the nest to feed, and so carry back much extra moisture in her feathers. Besides, geese always cover their eggs when off the nest, which prevents the air drying them. Incubation takes from twenty-eight to thirty days.

A good feed for goslings is scalded, finely-cracked Indian corn, with a little Indian meal or bran mixed with it. It must not be made wet or sloppy, but just moist enough to crumble. Sharp, fine grit, slightly wetted, should be kept in a pan where they can always get at it.

Goslings occasionally fall on their backs by accident when running, and cannot get up without assistance. The old goose seems to understand this, and will turn them over with her bill; but of course, a hen just leaves them alone, being used to the more nimble chicks, which can hop out of any hole. It is wise always to count young geese at feed times, when foster mothers are used, so that a search can be made for the missing one before it becomes starved.

Provide some shelter against the heat of the noonday sun, or goslings will become sunstruck, which will cause death. They need as careful guarding from dew or sudden rain storms, for the baby down quickly becomes soaked with water which it cannot shake off; but as soon as the quill feathers have developed on their backs, they are safely out of danger from water, though not from damp quarters.

The important points in successful raising of goslings are not to over-crowd when penned, protect from severe storms, excessive heat during the day, and damp floors at night. With attention to these points success is assured, for no class of domestic fowls is as hardy and free from disease.

Correspondence

A. E. Y.—I have had over 300 incubator chicks hatched. The first hatched, seemed to sleep themselves to sleep at a week old. The second hatch commenced to die at a week old, and now there are not a hundred left. They are drawn on one side as if paralysis affected them. They have been carefully fed and kept clean. What is the matter?

A.—Rather difficult to say; should think the trouble has been caused during incubation. Did you turn the eggs? Was the temperature even all through the hatch? Try to recall any accident that happened, for that is where you will find the cause, and it will teach the remedy. I should like to hear from you again when you have thought it out.

M. A. K.—Will you tell me the cause of thin-shelled eggs? Why do chickens head over when they try to walk?

A.—Not enough lime in the food. Give them plenty of crushed oyster shell, in a box, to eat as they like; if you can't get that, old mortar rubbish will do for them to peck at. Add clover hay to the morning mash, as it is strong in lime. (2) Should think a damp house had caused rheumatism. If the house is all right, I fear you have been feeding too much corn and fat-forming foods, which would cause both thin-shelled eggs and weakness in the legs. Cure—Feed no corn or meat, but wheat or bulled oats, very sparingly scattered in the straw or leaves, so that they will have to scratch for it. Add a heaping teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia to every pint of drinking water twice a week; this will remove the layers of fat.

M. P. C.—I am a reader of COMFORT, and I think

your talks about poultry a great help. Would you please tell me a few things? Which is the best kind of hen to keep for all purposes? (2) Is it possible to get chicks that will lay eggs that will hatch next year out of an incubator? I have been told that the eggs won't hatch.

A.—After trying almost all breeds, personally, I like the White Wyandottes best as an all-round market bird, but in Justice I must own that Plymouth Rocks or Brahma are as good. (2) Most decidedly you have been misinformed. An incubator hatches chicks that make good, strong hens, who will lay as many eggs as any others on the farm.

K. M. B.—I live fifteen miles from a post-office, in the mountains all alone, and would like to know if the lady who writes lives alone, or what help she has with the farm.

A.—Dear K. M. B. At the time I started and built up my farm I was practically alone, for my husband was compelled by business to be away all the first year. Later, when there were numbers of fowls to care for, I had a boy of fifteen to help.

J. Z.—Chickens are much troubled with lice.

A.—Keep the house clean. Mix kerosene oil in the whitewash. Use while hot all over the inside. Paint the roosting poles with kerosene, and take dried catnip, tansy, featherfew; rub into a powder, and mix into one quart two ounces of pepper, and half the quantity of fine ashes.

C. C.—As there are on the market several brands of dry chick food, made up of different grains, etc., and as I live on a farm where we can grow any kind of grain or seed, I want you to give me a formula for same. (2) What constitutes a balanced ration of feed? What is the percentage each of protein, carbohydrates, and the ash or mineral element? (3) What are the proportions in which the elements exist in our more common grains?

A.—One quart each of the following ingredients: cracked corn, wheat, oats, millet, hemp, kafir corn, sharp grit, charcoal, fine chopped clover hay, mixed thoroughly. (2) The best way to answer your question is to give the component parts of the egg, because food should supply them all.

For easy explanation, we will count the egg 1,000 grains, deducting 100 grains for the shell, which contains about 50 grains of salt and lime; the remaining 50 consist of carbolic acid, water of crystallization.

The remaining 900 are divided about as under: Water, 650 grains; albuminoids, 80 grains; oil, fat,

etc., 135 grains; mineral matter, 9 grains; sugar, coloring matter, etc., 25 grains.

Albuminooids, or nitrogenous foods contain the elements that form flesh, carbon, (oil, fat, starch, sugar) the fat-forming foods.

Mineral matter consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia, etc., and is supplied by reducing food to ash.

Lime is an all important part of the properly balanced ration, because it is not only the carbonate of lime in the shell we need, but the phosphate of lime which should be contained in the white to make bone for the chick. The two conditions of lime are made by the gastric juices, arising from the action of digestion, etc., too technical to enter into here.

In every hundred pounds of the following list, about the percentage of flesh, fat, and lime is as follows:

	Flesh lbs.	Fat lbs.	Lime lbs.
Clover hay	11	25	7 1-2
Linseed meal	28	43	7
Bran	14	55	6 3-4
Oats	12	59	2 3-4
Corn	10	72	1 3-4
Wheat	11	69	1 1-2

I hope this table will be of service to many besides C. C.

H. V. H.—Will you tell me what is the cause of my hens' legs being rough and dirty looking? The scales make them twice their size. They seem well in all other ways.

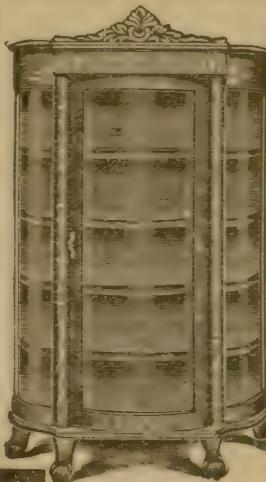
A.—They have scaly legs, caused by a minute insect. This is contagious. Fill a lard pail with warm soapuds, steep the birds' feet and legs for a few minutes, then scrub with a moderately soft brush; dry with a soft rag, and thoroughly rub with lard and sulphur mixed. Repeat thrice, at intervals of two days. This should cure. Paint the perches in the hens' house with kerosene oil to prevent it spreading.

L. L.—What is the surest incubator to use, and, with one to hold a hundred and fifty chicks, what sized brooder should I use? When should I start, to get the best prices for young chicks?

A.—You will find the advertisements of the best makers. Three brooders, which will hold a hundred each, if the incubator is to be kept going one hatch after another. If you are near a large city, what are called squab broilers, plump chickens that weigh from three quarters of a pound to a pound, bring the best price in February and March.

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W. Q. H. WALKER, Department D14, Pittsburg, Pa.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

I do enjoy reading those good sympathizing letters some poor shut-ins have written me, and told me how much worse off they are than myself. How thankful I am that I can walk on crutches when there are so many that can't even get out of a chair.

I have a nine-months-old little boy to look after this cold, windy weather, and three other children that are large enough to go to school. My oldest child is eight years old, and she does most of the bed-making every morning, and I don't hardly see how I am to get along without her while she is in school, but I think that all children ought to have a good education. If I can I want to educate my children, for that is all we will ever be able to give them.

If anyone has any embroidery silk, cotton or linen floss to spare I would appreciate the same, and return favor if possible.

Mrs. CLEMEN SMITH, Bremen, R. F. D., 3, Ga.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I was treated so well before. I wanted to write again. My mother came to see me last month, and she found my stack of "COMFORTS" before I knew it, and got so deeply interested that she forgot to visit. I told her that she might take them home with her, but she must send them back. I love to reread them.

I received a letter from her the other day, this is what she said:

"I have read all the COMFORTS. I am interested in St. Elmo. Isn't the Sisters' Corner fine, and Uncle Charlie funny? I have sent in my subscription."

Mrs. Hansen. I am going hunting with you sometime. I have a 22 rifle.

Miss Lee. You think right, there are many mothers teaching their daughters ways which will make them slaves to themselves, as well as to their families, for they will not know how to go ahead without mother to tell them.

Mrs. Pitts. You are clever I know, from your letter. I would like to call on you. I am a shelf maker myself. I have three corner shelves in my room, one above the other that I keep my work-basket on, a little photograph box, and small odds and ends. I made one in the sitting-room high up out of the children's reach, for the medicine. Did any of you stop to think that a shelf about a foot from the floor, and one above that about the height of a table, and one between them, fixed in a corner, with a glass hung across the corner above that, and a curtain from the top shelf to the floor makes a cute dresser in a bedroom? Shoes can be set on the floor underneath, and the hat box too. A pocket on one side for stockings; a shoe box covered with pretty paper, set on top for handkerchiefs and ribbons. Take the lid of a shoe box and cover with tinfoil makes a pretty comb and brush tray, cover the top shelf with white oilcloth, the edge may be scalloped, or the curtain put on with a heading. A small shelf between the glass and the top shelf would be handy for a jewel box

and a pin cushion. My washstand is a shelf about four feet long, covered with oilcloth. Take a tomato can, cut down the side about half an inch from seam, and about two inches from the bottom, cut around to one half inch of seam, and up to the top; paint or cover any way you please, hang this on the wall for a soap dish; fix a shelf under this shelf to keep the towels and wash rags on. If one can find a shoe box the right size, nail that to the height of a stand to the wall and that will answer for both shelves; put a long curtain around this. If you can, get four narrow boards and saw the right length and nail on the ends for legs, it is handy to move about; drive a large nail through a spool into the wall to hang the towel on, that keeps the nail from tearing it. Make a wardrobe like this: Get two boards four feet long and eighteen inches wide, if you can find one so wide; get two narrow ones and nail them together with a little strip about six inches from the end of the board; drive a nail in each corner in the end of the board; take baling wire and leave an end about two feet, and work around a nail, bring under the board to the other end, fix around nail, leave two feet; fix a wire on each side of each board this way. About eighteen inches higher than you want the top of your wardrobe drive two large nails four feet apart. Fasten the ends of the wires to this nail so the shelf is level; hang the other shelf under this one by fixing the ends of the wires to two of the nails in the first one you put up; hang a long curtain from the bottom shelf to the floor; leave an opening in the middle. Now fix a curtain on the top shelf to come down to the bot-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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The Great Chicago Mystery or, The Man With Many Aliases

By Rosser W. Cobbe
Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Crit Truman and his assistant, Ralph Dayton are called from New York to Chicago, by the Chief of Police to assist in suppressing crime. The leader is variously described, and one asserts he has a harelip. For a moment the men are silent, then the well-trained minds recall the recapture of "The Man with Many Aliases," Jim Hollis, Jim Holmes, Chris Dougherty, and the blow which splits him from the nostril to his mouth, which, when healed, might pass for a smile. "How is our work?" asks Crit. "All the officials satisfied with the return of the man?" They ought to prosecute Percy Mandeville; he has the making of a confirmed criminal. There are several cases in their line. There's a missing girl and a jewelry robbery on Fifth Ave., but they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his mind to catch this man who twice escapes, and he tells Ralph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general plan.

Percy Mandeville calls to see Sylvia Lyster; she tells him the call must be final. He insists she encourages him. She calls a servant to show him out. Sylvia, befriending Kathie Mandeville, confides to her that her husband makes a proposal of marriage to her. Sylvia still loves her husband. Custer Quex is engaged to Sylvia; he will go to her at night. It's the last opportunity he has for now, a long day. While Crit and Ralph are on their way to Chicago, the former has a telegram—"Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago." Took Sylvia Lyster with him," signed by the President of the bank. It's the girl, whose people want Crit to look up. The Chief of Police tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon, a month previous. Four guys, all masked, like the customers up—nothing is overlooked—even a pair of diamond cuff buttons is taken. As they emerge from City Hall they are joined by Peter, who is waiting. He tells Truman, Jim Hollis swears if he gets free he'll never let you take him alive. The chief tells Truman of a crook, Christie Ferris, who has three or four names, although only twenty, who is in for "dipping." Truman "swears" him and asks him, "Do you want to know who it was got you in here this last time?" Hollis asked reproachfully.

"I do not believe you are my father," she said decidedly. The man looked at her narrowly. He did not know for sure if Crit had had any hand in her disappearance, but now he felt sure. Prior to her escape she had wept and bemoaned her fate, but had never doubted her paternity.

"Well I can't do more than show you the proofs," he said sullenly.

"They may be forged," she replied quickly. The man shrank back, and there was a very ugly sound in his voice as he threatened:

"Say that again and I'll brain you!"

"Oh no you won't," she returned with courage.

"Then Crit Truman sent you to this woman?" she asked in a dangerous voice.

"Yes he did," she returned.

"Suppose you think he is going to help you some more?"

"Yes I do."

"Suppose I tell you that Crit Truman will never help you or anyone again, that he had left this world by a quick route, either up or down?"

"Dead?"

The man nodded.

"You murdered him?"

"Watch out, girl. You are using some pretty dangerous words. He was helped a little, perhaps, then again it may have just been an accident, I can't say, but he will never again hinder or help me or you."

"Then I tell you who will!" she cried, forgetting discretion, in her wild desire to frighten this man, of whom she stood in such dread.

"Who?" he asked with a sneer.

The automobile had sped along Fifty-fifth street boulevard until it emerged on Garfield boulevard, and from there was now twi: ng in and out about the Ghetto. The lights were all lighted and by them this girl could see the curious signs, in every language except English. It frightened her to be among those who did not speak her own language, in company with such a man.

"Who is it that is going to rescue this fine beauty? Not your adopted father, who is tired enough, and disgusted at what he considers your ingratitude. Not the fine young man you had nearly captured, for he and your adopted father both believe you came here to Chicago with Percy Mandeville. Now who is it, tell me?"

"One of Crit Truman's assistants, Ralph Dayton," she returned.

Hollis gave an evil laugh:

"My beauty, you'll be worth a cool million for you can be pumped dry. Can't you see that is just what I have been wanting to know, whether Truman came alone, or brought his boys with him. I couldn't find out, but now I'm wise, thanks to you," then not heeding her cry of terror, he continued:

"I must blindfold you, give me your handkerchief, Ferris," to the driver of the car, and before she could help herself, the girl was blindfolded, her mouth covered with a hard pressing hand, and she was carried bodily into a hall reeking with unsavory odors, and teeming with noise.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH HAPPEN MANY THINGS.

The great detective had faced many perils, and endangered his life more times than it is possible to estimate, but perhaps he was never in a more precarious situation than when he faced The Man with Many Aliases, Jim Hollis, as he glared at him through the steam of the Turkish bathroom.

"You sneak!" Jim finally hissed through clenched teeth.

Crit smiled and reminded him:

"Names are cheap, Jim."

"I'll give you something more than names, Crit Truman; do not fear," the man said grimly, and Crit knew he meant what he said. No one knew better than the detective, that this man was a desperate character. It was a case of Crit's life or his, and Jim Hollis was not one to consider long.

"I believe it has been said that you have faced death in almost every form," Jim sneered, "but now I think I am going to give you a new experience."

"Every experience I pass through makes me more valuable in my work," Crit said cheerfully, although he did not for a moment underestimate the gravity of the occasion.

"I think the only way you'll pass through this one is through the Pearly gates," the crook said with a cruel laugh, and then turning to his associates, he said abruptly:

"Fake" get the ropes. I think our friend here needs rest and a thorough sweating, not of the moral kind, though," laughing again. He was joined by the others who appreciated his play upon the word sweat, especially as all of them had been well "sweated" by police officials more than once.

Crit knew what was meant now. He was to be left in the Turkish room to die bound, gagged and helpless, each moment weakened by the clouds of steam. The death was one which might well have made the strongest man quail, but Crit never yet showed the white feather, and so he kept his air of composure, mentally running over in his mind various plans of escape.

"And now, you see, Crit Truman, that smart as you are, there is one who can match you pretty well, and come out in the end ahead," cried the crook, as "Fake" and "Snowflake" seized Crit and bound him securely. The de-

tective offered no opposition. He knew there was no use, and he did not want to exhaust his strength in any way he could avoid.

"I'm not dead yet," Crit warned.

"About the same thing. Now we will gag you, and then leave you to the contemplation of your many wonderful escapes, while we prepare for our work tonight. Oh, you can have a delightful time, for you, if you are alive that long, can know just where we will be about nine this evening. I disclosed my plans pretty fully, when I thought you were straight goods, and as you are out of the way, I do not think I will make any change."

"Excuse me," Crit said with severe irony, "but you made a slight mistake. I could not have been straight goods when you thought me a crook."

Jim Hollis looked at Crit with astonishment, his mouth wide open. He could not comprehend how a man could jest with death before him.

"You better not make me mad," he warned.

"No, sane you are bad enough," Crit replied coldly, "so I can hardly imagine what any of us would do if you went insane."

Jim Hollis gave a cry of rage, and with his open hand struck Crit across the face.

The blood flamed into the detective's cheeks at the insult, but he simply smiled as he said:

"It is only cowards who hit women and bound men. If my arms were free, I do not think you would try such a thing. You know well enough how I repay such things as this," and he looked significantly at the wound on the man's upper lip.

The crook was beyond speech, but with no gentle hand he thrust a bundle of unsavory rags into Crit's mouth, and tied the gag securely as his men had the detective's arms and ankles.

He surveyed his work, and then with a mocking laugh, went to the steam generator, and turned on all the cocks.

"Hurry up boys," he said, "skidoo, and leave our 'famous detective' to study out another of his marvelous escapes. Speak a good word for me, man, when you get above, won't you?" and still laughing like an insane person, he banged to the door, and Crit could hear the retreating footsteps.

The thoughts of the detective were not happy ones as he lay on a high table where his captors had placed him, panting in the steam, which was horribly dense. He knew how the exhausting effects would overpower him, and his life be stolen away, while he lay unconscious. To him such an end was horrible.

The men who had tied the ropes had known their business. "That 'Snowflake' is an old sinner, evidently by the way these knots are tied," he thought, tugging at his bonds vainly.

He had tried to so hold his wrists that there would be a chance for him to wiggle out, but he discovered that the men had done their work thoroughly, and that he was a prisoner.

As he lay there he thought of his boys, and wondered where Ralph and Peter could be found. Peter was not far off, that he knew, but where was the loyal Irish lad, who would gladly risk his life for his chief?

"Hard that after all my adventures in all parts of the world, I have to die here," he thought.

The detective was dripping wet. His clothing was saturated, and he could feel his strength going from him. Suddenly he realized how much worse off he was on the table than if he were upon the floor. The table was high, and he knew that in failing he could not save himself, so would run the risk of breaking a limb, but he resolved to take the chance. The powerful muscles were brought into action, enfeebled though they were by the terrific heat, and gradually he managed to roll to the edge of the table. For an instant he paused, then thoroughly relaxing himself, he dropped.

For an instant he was stunned, but recovered, weaker than ever, to find that aside from a number of bruises, he had escaped uninjured. This gave him courage, and he commenced once more to struggle with his fetters.

Patiently he worked himself about until he could bring the ropes which bound his ankles against one of the legs of the table. Fortunately the legs were square, and there was therefore a sharp edge against which he could draw the rope. After a little, however, he gave up the task as too long and wearisome a one.

"Yet I must get out," he kept saying to himself, over and over again, although each instant took more of his strength away.

His wrists were bleeding from the ropes, he had strained upon them so hard, but he felt none of the pain, and realizing this, he tried to rouse his energies.

"I'm in a pretty bad fix, when I can't feel this," he thought, his eyes wandering about the room.

Suddenlly a thought came to him, and he smiled grimly to himself:

"Strange about these crooks! They do not stop at taking human life, and yet they do not like to stay and see the end. The boldest criminal is at heart a coward. These men can coop me up here, but not one had the courage to tackle me openly and finish me off hand, when some hide-in-the-corner plan would do the work."

This seemed to give him strength, for he suddenly felt a new interest. While fearfully weak, he did not appear to be sweating so terribly.

"I wonder if there is any end to the steam," he thought, and tried to penetrate the thick clouds. Suddenly his heart seemed to leap within his breast, for a chair hidden a moment before, was gradually appearing out of the steam-laden atmosphere.

"Something has happened to the steam," he thought gratefully, and lay quite still watching the gradual clearing of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE LOCOMOTIVE SPECIAL 23 JEW

Comfort Recitation Club

Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the tenth article in this department and we invite you all to read the introduction appearing in January issue where first article appeared.

Comfort's Recitation Club

THIS month I must cut my letter to you a little short, in order to make room for the three recitations given. In answer to repeated requests two of them are for children. But before going farther, just a word about gesture, "the silent language of the soul." If you study those around you, you will find that speech, no matter how swift and impetuous, always follows, never precedes, gesture. A start, a tremor through the body, a convulsive movement of the hands, the expression of the face,—these signs and many others betray emotion before the voice has time for utterance. This is a rule you will do well to remember in studying your selections. It also enables your audience to follow you more quickly and intelligently.

"And thought leaped out to wed with thought
Ere thought itself could wed with speech."

Cousin HAL.

An Easter-tide Deliverance

A. D. 430.

The sun was drowned in the western tide,
The heathen host by the setting fire light,
In feast and revels passed the night,
They talked of deeds that should be done
At early dawn of the morrow's sun;
They laughed in scorn that the Christian band
Their mighty host should dare withstand.

The Christians prayed thro' the whole night long.
Their arms were weak, their faith was strong.
Close pressed the foe on every side,
But heaven above was fair and wide.
The sun that sank in the blood-red sea,
An earthly type of their fate might be.
The moon that shone so cold a light
In vain might seek them another night.

But Christ, their leader, would faithful be,
And death in His cause is victory.
Hours passed—one ray of morning light
Was on the tocsin now in vain sight.
On a cold, crisp, sunlike and high,
A horn stood forth 'gainst the glowing sky.
The Saint Germanus!—He turned his eyes
Where Easter sun began to rise.

No word of sorrow his lips let fall,
No word of dangers around them all.
He bared to heaven his reverent head,
For Christ this morn arose from the dead.
Then "Alleluia!" aloud he cried,
And "Alleluia!" the rocks replied;
And "Alleluia!" from cliff to cave,
An answering shout the Christians gave.

The echoes sound it again and again,
Like the voice of a host of mighty men.
The heathen start with strange, vague fear,
"What unseen foes have drawn so near?
Hath the God of the Christians sent in the night
His band of angels to join in the fight?"
They wild with terror they fled away—
The battle was won that Easter day.

Maria H. Bulfinch.

Lesson Talk

As you study this selection you will notice the direct contrast shown in the first two stanzas—between the opposing armies, the one strong in numbers, the other strong in faith, with the courage and will to battle for the right. This contrast should be brought out clearly. You can do this only by those subtle little shadings of manner, voice and expression, which are so hard to describe, especially as they will vary with each individual. The manner of the heathen is boastful and self-confident, and they have only scorn and ridicule for the little band who have dared to withstand them. Fig. 47 shows the good pose for last two lines in the first stanza.

The other gestures are indicating. Indicate the Heathen army to the left, the Christians to the right. In the second stanza the manner is subdued and reverent. Bring out the contrast in the second line, and study the third and fourth lines carefully for the half hidden meaning here. In the third stanza indicate the "ray of morning light," the "softy crag," and "Saint Germanus" to the right-front and high up, but a good distance away, as you would if pointing to a mountain in that direction. The delivery of this, and the first half of the next stanza is quiet, earnest, narrative style. Fig. 48 shows you the pose for the first "Alleluia!" If you do not know the exact meaning of this word, or of any word when studying a selection, look it up before going on. "Alleluia!" should be spoken loudly, clearly, and with joy and exultation; pronounced slowly giving each vowel its full value. The second is an echo, and should start strong and clear, and the vowel sound at the end should be prolonged and allowed to die away gradually. This is difficult, and will need much practice. I spoke of this at length in a previous lesson, mentioning the striking of bells out of a clock. In the present case your voice would not need to sound metallic. With this and the third "Alleluia!" you could bend the head as though listening. The last one is given strong and ringing and then allowed to die away. The fifth stanza has more dramatic force. Let the tones be round, strong and full in the first two lines. Show the Heathens' start of wonder and fear. I think I would emphasize the word "Hath" as well as "God" and "Christians." Make a pause between "away" and the last line, which you should deliver slowly and emphatically.

The last stanza is directed to each individual in the audience. The manner should be at once appealing and persuasive.

Little Perry's Awful Threat

I won't ever live in this house no more,
And I'm goin' away, way off somewhere
In the dark woods! And mebbe a bear
Or something nobody ever saw before
Might come and eat me up! And then,
I bet you, when
My pa has no little boy, he'll be
Sorry he punished me!

And I'm goin' to starve and not
Ever eat anything again at all;
And when I'm up with God and got
Wings and can look at my coat in the hall
Comes home and sees my coat in the hall
And looks all around everywhere,
And I ain't there,
I bet he'll be sorry he punished me!

And when I'm far away
And nearly starved, and can hardly stand,
They might be a big, bad man come along and say
He'd take me off to some strange land!

And then, when the people told my pa
How cruel he was, I bet he'd be

The saddest person you ever saw,

And sorry he punished me!

And when they have no little boy no more,
Mamma would cry all day.

And when no little boy would open the door
For pa, at night, and say—

"Hello!" I bet

That's when he'd be the saddest yet—

And I'll stay this time, but he

B-b-b-better quit punishing me!

Boo—hoo—hoo!

—S. E. Kiser.

Lesson Talk

Here is a little recitation for my boys. I wonder if any of you ever felt as this little fellow does? I think I did once or twice when I was a small chap. Fig. 49 will give you a good idea for a pose with which to commence the recitation, and the same pose may be held through the first and a part of the second stanza, if you wish. Try and enter into this boy's feelings as much as you can. Your voice should be aggrieved as well as defiant. Little defiant nods and motions of the head, as well as the proper facial expression, will help wonderfully. The first line may be spoken through clenched teeth. As you go on and picture how badly your daddy will feel when all these calamities overtake you, you begin to feel pretty badly yourself and must show it. In the third stanza you begin to catch your breath now and then, the corners of your mouth house no droop, and your chin begins to quiver. In the fourth stanza the sob gets into your voice, you rub your eyes now and then, and stutter and almost sob aloud. After the last line you break down utterly and rush off the stage sobbing. The gestures throughout are very simple, most of them indicating, and given in a jerky, boisterous manner, that is, the manner of a boy whose feelings have been outraged.

How Grandma Danced

Grandma told me all about it;
Told me so I couldn't doubt it—

How she danced—my grandma danced—

Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,

How her dainty skirt she spread,

How she turned her little toes,

Smiling like a human rose!

Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,

Dimpled cheek, too—oh, how sunny!

Really quite a pretty girl,

Long ago.

Bless her! Why, she wears a cap,

Grandma does, and takes a nap

Every single day; and yet

Grandma danced the minut,

Long ago.

Now she sits there rocking, rocking,

Always knitting grandpa's stocking,

(Every girl was taught to knit)

Long ago.)

Yet her figure is so neat,

And her smile so kind and sweet,

I can almost see her now,

Bending to her partner's bow,

Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,

Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,

Would have shocked the gentle folk,

Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,

Everything in proper place,

Gilding slowly forward, then

Slowly curtseying back again,

Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,

Grandma says; but boys were charming—

Girls and boys I mean, of course—

Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—

What if all of us should try

Just to feel like those who met

In the graceful minute,

Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,

Who could fly into a passion?

All would wear the skirt they wore

Long ago.

In time to come, if I perchance

Should tell my grandchild of our dance,

I should really like to say,

"We did, my dear, in some such way,

Long ago."

Lesson Talk

This poem may be made a most fetching recitation for a little girl, from five to ten years old. The gestures should all be natural, spontaneous and childlike. As a general thing little girls take to gestures more readily than little boys. The little girl is wide eyed and earnest in commencing. "My grandma danced" may be accompanied by a little emphatic nod of the head. Fig. 50 shows a pretty pose for the first half of this stanza. It is taken gradually, first the head, then spreading the skirts, lastly pointing the toe and taking a few old-fashioned dance steps. If possible to learn a few of the minut steps it will greatly add to the selection to have the child take a few of them after each stanza, while someone plays a soft, low accompaniment on the piano and violin. Go on and tell the next two stanzas in a bright, sunny way. In the fourth verse show what a shocking contrast there is between the old and new ways of dancing. At the last FIG. 50. "HOW HER DAINTY glide slowly forward, courtesy and SKIRT SHE glide backward to place. Finish SPREAD, HOW THE piece in a natural childish SHE TURNED manner. The last half of the last HER LITTLE stanza may be recited in a slightly TOES." pensive tone, the head a little to one side up to the last line when you nod your head as though about to show how you did. If you have danced after each verse the music should start and you should dance off the stage, making a stately little courtesy just before you pass through the entrance. Only stately minut steps should be used. The steps must in no way resemble the steps in stanza four. This selection is also adapted for illustration when, instead of the little girl taking the minut steps, the curtain rolls up noiselessly showing one or more couples dressed as they did "Long ago" dancing the minut. In this case the speaker must stand well in front so the curtain can fall behind her.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

tom one; this makes a place for hats; drive nails in the wall under the bottom shelf to hang garments, low nails for the children's things.

I will send samples of drawwork to anyone that sends stamp. I wish to inform the sisters that I cannot crochet, but have some pretty patterns that I have cut from papers; so many have asked me to crochet samples of Oak Leaf and Acorn lace. I have made lots of drawwork and understand it well. Everybody write to me. Your letters will be cherished, if not answered.

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this paper, as they will often find in
them what they seek through their questions in this
column. They will thus save time, labor and postage.
Letters reaching this office after the 25th of
the month cannot be answered in the issue of the
following month.

Miss U. E. Baugh, Seaboard, Ala., would like to
know if any Comfort reader can tell her where she
can get an old-fashioned elementary spelling-book.

Miss M. U. Ceres, N. Y.—There is more demand
for illustrations than for ordinary pictures, and
more money in them, unless the pictures you make
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Norman C. Wilder, Box 31, Selma, R. F. D., 2, N. C., would like to know if any Comfort reader can
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Good Cheer Magazine for 1906. (2) You can do
nothing except to take your loss. There is not
enough to go to law about. It was merely a case of
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M. B. R., Mattituck, L. I.—If the Post-office people
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Judith, Loretto, Mich.—Gasoline is the universal
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J. T. W., Vanderbilt, Pa.—The best section of the
country for a person suffering from neuralgia and
nervousness, we should say, was in the dry, warm
air of Arizona and New Mexico. We do not know
what the labor conditions are, but good men can
always find plenty of work at fair prices, and land
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C. D. T., Waitsburg, Wash.—Butterflies may be
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tended. Birds' eggs are preserved by pricking pin
holes in each end and blowing the contents out. A
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\$2,900. How many can you take at those figures?

M. F. L., South Dakota.—Write to Hardy and
Tierney, 410 East 23rd St., New York City. (2)
Write Leopold Mayer, 84 Warren St., New York
City.

Subscriber, Sedalia, Mo.—We haven't space for
details. Sedalia must have numerous encyclo-
pedias. Consult article under head "Compass."

C. E., Stanleyton, Va.—What you are looking for
is not supplied on credit. The dealers don't know
you any better than you know them.

W. R. F., Schreib, Box 202, East Pittsburg, Pa.,
wants to hear from someone in Virginia who told
him in this column of bottles that cannot be refilled.

6 Ft. X 9 Ft. FLOOR RUG 1.98

9 FT. X 9 FT. \$2.98 9 FT. X 12 FT. \$3.98

HANDSOME SEAMLESS BRUSSELETTES

A heavy, handsome,
fastidiously woven Brussels
floor rug, elegantly woven in an
exquisite medallion center in
charming, oriental
designs, with a lovely border.
It's rich, beautiful,
splendidly woven, perfectly reversible,
and seamles, weighs 16 oz.
to the square yard,
and is guaranteed
absolutely fast color,
or no sale. Your
choice of two delightful
color combinations or
one solid color.
Send 50c DEPOSIT,
size and color wanted,
and we will send this elegant, heavy,
fast-color three-
thread Brussels floor rug, O. D., by express subject
to examination. If you find it a rarely
beautiful rug, perfect satisfaction and the equal
of any rug, pay the balance and express charges;
otherwise, pay the agent the balance and express charges;
otherwise, we will promptly refund your 50c. Order-to-day
or send for our big FREE SPECIAL CARPET, RUG AND CURTAIN
CATALOG, the most wonderful book on carpets and rugs in the
world, containing hundreds of fine designs. It
illustrates hemp carpets 12c yd. up, rag carpets 27c
yd. up, ingrain carpets 25c yd. up, Brussels carpets 56c
yd. up, velvet carpets 72c yd. up, Axminster carpets
96c yd. up, China mattings 14c yd. up, cloths 24c
yd. up, linoleum 45c sq. yd. up, ingrain rugs 23c
sq. yd. up, Smyrna rugs 69c up, velvet rugs 31.50 up,
carpet rugs 1.98 up, and everything else you can imagine at correspondingly low prices. We are headquarters for lace curtains,
purchased bed spreads, couch and table covers, window
shades, bed clothing, bedding. Complete lines are shown in our
great Carpet, Rug and Curtain Catalog. Write for it now, to-day.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-151 West Madison Street, CHICAGO

GREAT DRY GOODS BARGAINS

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

My favorite boy, James M. Wall, Oxford, North Carolina, writes me beautiful letters. James, I wish you could have even twenty-five cents a day, from some of these millionaires (who would never feel it), to buy some little dainty to tempt your appetite. Friends, those of us that are ill and are fortunate enough to have loved ones constantly thinking of, or preparing something nice for us to eat, think of this poor boy, dependent upon charity. "Well, he gets enough to eat, anyway," I hear some say. Yes, no doubt, but at times he needs something a little different, some little dainty. God pity him! Try to remember him.

Mrs. J. C. Flippin, I have a Peacock cross-stitch design which I will be pleased to send you. Write me inclosing stamped, directed envelope.

G. A. Brown, Make a rich syrup, boil the figs in
it, then skin them out and put on platters and
plates to dry; when dry, repeat the process twice,
then let them thoroughly dry and pack in boxes
with brown sugar between each layer of fruit.

To can the figs, boil until transparent in the
syrup, place in cans, pour boiling syrup over them
and seal the same as any fruit.

Mrs. E. A. Laney. I am sending you some flower
seeds.

Mrs. Spang. You should seek a higher part of the
country if afflicted with asthma. Why not try
my part of the continent? The attacks are sometimes
caused by an over-loaded stomach: abstain from
eating supper if they are caused by that, one
can usually tell what causes them. Homeopathic
aconite is one of the remedies; the little pellets
can be procured at most any druggist. Our climate
has done wonders for asthmatic difficulties.
Write me if you like.

Mrs. Spencer. If you will write to Mrs. Jennie
Huff, Villa Rica, Georgia, inclosing stamped, directed
envelope, she will give you all the information
she can regarding the beer seed. Mrs. Huff is
willing and accommodating, but her pocketbook is
weak. She has a poor, little, invalid daughter.

Mrs. Nicholson. Try painting the wine with iodine.

Emily Rae. Why not send in three subscriptions
to Comfort and get a copy of those dear "Old Time
Songs."

This is a little ahead of time but most subjects
wish to give their Queen (May Queen) a gift, what
would be prettier than a coral necklace? Send 30
cents to Comfort and get the necklace, together
with two yearly subscriptions, which can be birthday
gifts to some of the older ones or some poor
shut-ins. If all this reaches the eyes of our editor
he will not approve of my suggesting all these
things to you, but he has been so kind to us for
years, that I feel we ought to repay him in some
way, and in doing these things we are greatly
benefiting him, ourselves, and our friends, so I
have a selfish motive in it after all, you see. Hear
that April shower?

J. A. D. (MRS. VAN DYKE), Orange, R. F. D., 1,
Mrs. [unclear]

want to sell you goods unless we can save you money.
Write to-day for our great, free, special dry goods and notion catalogue
and see our wonderful assortment of goods and marvelously low prices which are less than dealers pay for goods.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-151 West Madison Street, CHICAGO

BLUE-JAY

Corn and Bunion

PLASTERS

**Stop the Pain Instantly
and Remove the Corn**

In 48 Hours.

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If you intend to buy a Watch, or a Diamond, or Silverware, or Jewelry of any kind, and if you want to buy it at one half your jewelry dealer's price, then send us a postal or letter saying "Send me your special jewelry catalog" and by return mail we will send you our great and wonderful watch and jewelry catalog, which describes and illustrates over 5000 Watches of all makes (Elgin, Waltham, etc.) and over 6000 articles of an endless variety of exquisite Watch Chains and Charms, lovely Necklaces and every article of Jewelry sold in large city jewelry stores; everything at special cut prices. Write today for our free Watch and Jewelry Catalog. Address in full to JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-151 West Madison Street, CHICAGO.

99 MENS COLT BLUCHER



Guaranteed \$4.00 value or no sale. The vamps and quarters of this elegant, perfect fitting shoe are cut from the finest quality of high gloss, genuine patent colt skin, the choicest and most beautiful leather used for dress shoes, anatomically quartered and stitched throughout; elegantly made by experts who make a specialty in the latest blucher style, with swell pointed drop toe, perforated tips, flexible wear-proof oak sole leather bottom with double extension Cuban heel, leather top facing and absolutely ever-black eyelets and hooks. A finely made, finely finished, perfect fitting shoe for Sunday and dress wear. Sizes 11 to 11; widths C, D, E, and F.

SEND 50¢ DEPOSIT, give

size and width of shoe worn

and we will send a pair

of these elegant high grade regular \$4.00 Patent Colt Skin shoes.

O. O. D. by express

press subject to examination. If you find the shoes the handsomest and best fitting you ever saw, more stylish than any shoes in your community and the equal of any \$4.00 patent leather shoe you have ever seen, pay the \$1.40 and express charge; otherwise send them right back at express charges we will instantly refund your 50¢. Order today or write at once for our special price catalogue, the most wonderful book on shoes ever printed. Chock full of marvelous bargains in men's and boy's shoes at 95¢ to \$5.00 a pair. Write to-day.

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Send two cent stamp with birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from the cradle to the grave. All matters of business, love, marriage and health, plainly told by the greatest Astrologer living. Patronized and endorsed. PROF. LEO AMZI, Dept. 31, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston Mass.



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That Will Hold Fifty Cards.



Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very interesting for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are distributing as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 years' subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered, and we can go out and gather some spring flowers to brighten us all up until we meet again next month. May the good Lord watch over us and bring us together again. By, by.

Cousin Marion.

Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"But in case of your willingness," said the lawyer eagerly.

"That is out of the question," said Mabel gravely.

"Let me hope that I may prevail upon you to alter your mind. If assiduous devotion—"

"Sir, I repeat it, this is out of the question. I will not stop to discuss the question of time and its effect upon my mind. Another circumstance stands in the way, which I will not hesitate to disclose to you from motives of maidenly delicacy. Learn that my heart has been won by another, and if I marry anyone, he will be my husband."

Clarke's brow darkened.

"It is young Davenport," he said.

"How you should have arrived at this knowledge, I know not," said Mabel. "However, it saves me the trouble of my intended disclosure. You are right. It is Henry Davenport."

"But," said the lawyer insinuatingly, "when he learns that your father's happiness is involved, he will agree to surrender your hand."

Mabel's face flushed indignantly. "It might occur to him," she said sarcastically, "to inquire how far such a sacrifice would promote my father's happiness. Allow me to correct an evident misapprehension. Learn, then, that my engagement to Henry Davenport is not my only obstacle to complying with the proposal you have made. The other is insurmountable."

"I do not ask you," said the lawyer, "to marry me for love. That will come in time, and I am willing to wait for it. I am not sentimental, but I like you, and want you for my wife. I am in a condition to offer your father what he values in return. You see I have stated it as a business transaction."

"I am glad you have placed it on the right footing," said Mabel. "It will make it less embarrassing. I feel free, then, to urge you instead of my hand, that it is quite impossible for me to grant, to accept a part of this money you say it is in your power to place in my father's hands."

"I have already signified to your father," said the lawyer coolly, "that this is a proposition which I cannot consider."

"Perhaps you think thus to force me to your terms," said Mabel, "but I may as well say that this is a sacrifice I cannot make even for my father. Take money, and you can name your own terms. Otherwise you may regard business between us as at an end."

"I should prefer that you would not make up your mind too hastily," said Dick Clarke, with an incredulous look that incensed Mabel, implying as it did doubt of the strength of her resolution. "I shall remain here some days more, and hope during that time you may reconsider your present determination."

"Good morning, sir," said Mabel haughtily.

"What a splendid creature she is!" mused the lawyer when alone. "I like her all the better for her pride. She's offish now, but she'll come to it yet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This story, full of exciting incidents, of a boy young in years, yet mature in judgment, will hold the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of older years. If not a subscriber, send 16 cents before the price advances. Read the next chapter, "Long Arrow," thereby keeping the thread of the story without a break.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

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Funniest cards ever printed; beautifully colored, no two alike and every one a corner. 16 cards, 10c; 38 cards, 25c. Big novelty catalog free.

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Postscript received when qualified.

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Chicago School of Elocution, 241 Chicago Opera House Bld., Chicago.

By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 15 St. Paul Minn.

KINGFISHER hook Pat. Aug. 3 1903 catches two fish to the common hook's one. Dealers wanted.

KINGFISHER hook, I paid 10c for trout hook in a package.

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Alon's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Serpentine Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercureal Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure.

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Package FREE to Introduce. Write at Post Office.

LIME KINGFISHER hook Pat. Aug. 3 1903 catches two fish to the common hook's one. Dealers wanted.

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FREE GOLD WATCH

This Watch has a SOLID GOLD LAID CASE ENGRAVED on BOTH SIDES, American Movement, fully warranted to keep correct time, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. We give it FREE to boys and girls or any person who sends us a stamped addressed envelope. Send us your address and we will send you a solid gold watch. We will REBATE 50% on the purchase price.

EAGLE JEWELRY CO., DEP. 818, Chicago, Illinois.

arranged two outfits, as follows:

For a club of 4 yearly subscribers to this magazine we will send you this Hat Design stamped on white linen lawn with enough embroidery floss to work out the pattern; or for 1 yearly subscription at 15 cents, and 5 cents additional, 20 cents in all, we will send a perforated pattern of this Hat from which you may take impressions onto your own material.

Mrs. Cora B. Miller Makes a Fortune

Started a Few Years Ago with No Capital, and Now Employs Nearly One Hundred Clerks and Stenographers.

Until a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller lived in a manner similar to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial brown-stone residence, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United States.



Mrs. Miller's New Residence Earned in Less Than One Year.

Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that cured herself and several friends of female weakness and piles. She was besieged by so many women needing treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars' capital, and the remedy, possessing many cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

Million Women Use It.

More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell any sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine \$10,000 worth absolutely FREE.

Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles from any cause, should sit right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 8834, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous medicine; also her valuable book, which every woman should have.

Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing, do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the \$10,000 worth is all gone.

An Embroidered Hat



You may have wanted an Embroidered Hat before this, but now you must have one, as they are to be worn exclusively this summer everywhere. No matter where you may reside, you will find the better dressed ladies and misses wearing a White Lace Hat. Our illustrations show the LADY'S DESIGN, also the finished Hat with a suggestion of ribbon and flower trimming, although it is not necessary to do more than embroider the design to have a very handsome, stylish, cool White Summer Hat. We furnish the perforated pattern on the design stamped on white linen lawn, all you have to do is the needlework.

In order that you may embroider a Hat at home we have

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



50,000 FREE Pillow Tops.

This catchy new Pillow Top, entitled LEAVE MY HAPPY HOME FOR YOU and showing the chicken chasing a butterfly, is tinted by hand in natural fast colors on Tan Belmont cloth, size 21 x 21 inches. This pillow top pleasure to please all who see it. We want every lady to have one, and also to read our interesting lady's magazine, Popular Fashions, which contains the best serial and short stories, fancy work, household hints, fashion, toilet and health talks. We guarantee you will like both. Anyway, we want you to become acquainted with our fine illustrated magazine and so we will send you one of these very pretty and catchy pillow tops free by mail if you will send us only 15 cents for a full trial subscription to our magazine. The 15 cents buys for magazine and we give you the Pillow Top Free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comb Beauty Into Your Hair
Comb the grayness out of it, comb back its youthful color, gloss, and luster. Or if the natural color of your hair displeases you, if it is streaked or faded, comb into it any desired color with the
IDEAL HAIR DYING COMB

and give it a beauty it may never have had. You can do it in the privacy of your own room without help. Used like an ordinary comb. Guaranteed harmless. Thousands in use. Not sold in stores—write us.
FREE "The Book of the Hair" 32 pages of valuable hints on the care and dressing of the hair, also describing fully the uses of the Ideal Comb. Write today.
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GOLD Watch AND RING FREE
We give a Stem-Wind, Solid-Gold Laid, guaranteed Watch, engraved on both sides; proper sizes; appropriate to 25-year GOLD WATCH; also GOLD LADY'S RING, working gem, brilliant cut, size 6; GARNET \$50 DIAMOND, the setting 20 jewelry articles at 10¢ each. Send address, and we will send jewelry postpaid. We also give a gold laid chain, LADIES' OR GENT'S SIZE AND STYL. RAND MFG. COMPANY, DEPT. 605 CHICAGO, ILL.

TOBACCO DEATH HOW TO PREVENT IT.

Thousands are being wronged, robbed and murdered by Tobacco, the most treacherous drug, and the most insidious foe to mankind, that does its dastardly work so silently, so slowly (but oh! so surely) that it is never condemned publicly like whiskey, opium, morphine and cocaine.



I can prove it kills the heart, dulls the intellect, diseases stomach, liver, kidneys and nerves, while its poor, foolish victims in vain for "chronic diseases" wait death. TOBACCO DEATH! clutches the heart and claims them. FREE TREATMENT CURES many and I can prove that thousands have been redeemed from lives of slavery and disease by using this wonderful new remedy to cure the tobacco craving habit. I gladly send free trial in tablet form for willing patients, or Powder form (for the unwilling) which may be given secretly in tea, coffee or food. Send at once, for you will lose no pleasure, and will save much money and health. Address MRS. K. A. DOWNING, 832 Victory Building, DAYTON, OHIO.

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**GRANITE MARKERS \$5.35
AND MONUMENTS**

Write for our FREE Tombstone Catalogue, a beautiful book of 104 pages, over 500 styles of tombstones, monuments and markers, sold to us direct from the quarrymen. Vermont Marble and Barre Granite, carved, polished and lettered for less than one-half the lowest price offered by any other dealer. Don't fail to write and get this new Tombstone Catalogue if you could use a tombstone of any kind, and learn our new 1907 offers, styles, wonderful low prices, our new advantages and improvements. If you buy from us, you save money and get back part of your money through our liberal Profit Sharing Plan, also explained in the Free Tombstone Catalogue. Write today and mail to the FREE TOMBSTONE CATALOGUE. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

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THEY will, if used as directed, kill bodily pain as if by magic. They banish Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Skin Diseases, Colds, Coughs, Quinsy, Croup, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Liver, Soreness, Stiffness, Lameness, Strains, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Growing Pains in Children, Lumbago, "Stitch in the Back," Inflammation, and other bodily Aches and Pains.

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Although the price of Oxen Plasters is 25¢ each, to the first seven hundred new friends who can prove they have never before used the Oxen Remedies, and are not acquainted with the powers of our new Oxen Porous Plaster, we will send a sample Oxen Porous Plaster post free.

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All communications to the **SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER** must be addressed to THE OXEN PLASTER CO., 44 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when couple with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

Miss F. J., Webb, Miss.—A face bleach is prepared as follows: Corrosive sublimate, ten grains; distilled water, half pint; rose water, half pint. Keep in glass bottle and mark it "Poison!" Apply once daily, pouring out a small portion in a saucer.

The Limit, Peoria, Ill.—We do not know the custom in Peoria, but elsewhere the groom does not pay for the bride's wedding dress. Bridesmaids may wear any tint that they wish as most becoming to them. Pink is pretty for June, but it must be only the faintest pink, nothing pronounced. The guests should be seated at the table with the bride and groom at one side, and the attendants to their right and left in their order.

Reader, Waldo, O.—A corset properly worn, that is not too tight and not too stiff, is preferable to none at all. Still, some people believe that corsets are injurious. You may wear one or not, as you please.

Parthenia, Trafalgar, Ark.—You may wear any color if it is not pronounced, and not mixed with other colors that do not harmonize. You ought to be able to tell by what colors you like best and make you look the way you want to look. Your dress should be as other girls of sixteen wear theirs in your community. Wear your hair as is most becoming to you, whatever the style may be. You don't have to follow fashion and look hideous as some girls do. You must decide for yourself about your summer dresses. It will depend on how much money you have to spend. The simpler the things the better, and you can get all sorts of whites, and tints, and grays in material worth from five cents to a dollar a yard.

Crimson Rambler, Jeffersontown, Ky.—Yes, when a gentleman "spurns her letter," it is proper for the lady to ask him "what's up?" But you must do it politely. (2) If the man's fiancee does not object, it is proper for him to go out with another girl. (3) If the customer in Jeffersontown is for the girl to kiss the young man good night, we suppose there is nothing else to do but observe the fashion or be considered odd. You may do what you please.

Dark-eyed Elsie, Chateaugay, N. Y.—We haven't space to tell you how to fit up your bedroom daintily, but not expensively, but it can be done. The better way is for you to study it out yourself and do it by degrees. Read over a lot of magazines that contain such matter and get ideas from all. Then you can have about you what is your arrangement and not a borrowed one. Don't you think that is better? Read the advertisements for all kinds of suggestions for room decorations.

Blue Eyes, Readville, Mo.—You can be slender by eating the plainest kind of food with no fat, sweets or water, and working off the surplus flesh by vigorous exercise. You won't find it easy, but plenty of women do that rather than remain stout. For your hair use the following: Sulphate of quinine, twenty grains; tincture cantharides (alcoholic) two drams; extract Jaborandi, two drams; glycerine, one ounce; bay rum, six ounces; elderflower water sufficient to make one pint. Apply at night.

Lumber Twig, St. Jacob, Ill.—You cannot learn to dance without a teacher, or at least someone to teach you. Ask any of the girls in your neighborhood to teach you, and we think the problem will be solved.

Dark Eyes, Justice, W. Va.—Post cards will do for very informal correspondence, but they are not correct otherwise. (2) Wear your hair in the way most becoming to you, regardless of prevailing fashion.

Miss A. B. C., Willard Grove, N. J.—Your hair is blonde—golden tresses, the poet would call them. You can wear any color if it is not pronounced, but blue is the blonde's favorite. Wear your dress to your instep, and your hair as is most becoming.

Lily Bell, Boyden, Iowa.—The lady leads the way into her own house, unless it is dark and she is afraid. Then the man goes first. (2) A lady should act in the presence of young men like a lady.

Carnation, Ware Shoals, S. C.—It is a matter entirely to be decided by yourself. It seems rather hard on a nice young man with nice parents, to condemn him because one of his grandparents was not what she should have been. If you love the young man, marry him. You might do much worse with some man whose people were respectable for forty generations back.

K. R. D., Waterbury, Conn.—The best way to settle a difference between a man and woman, who have become estranged without any definite reason known to both, is for the one who doesn't know what the matter is to ask for information. frankness is the best way to get at it. Simply tell him that something is wrong and you want to know what it is. If he declines to tell you, let it go at that, and find somebody with better head and heart.

Reader, Chariton, Iowa.—Peroxide will change the color of the hair. You can get it from your druggist. Tell him what you want with it and ask about its use. Be careful because it is a strong bleach.

CONFORT Reader, St. Louis, Mo.—If you want to know what will stop hair from growing whether it affects the skin or not, we may tell you that a red-hot iron applied to the spot will do it. Hold it on for a minute. After that the hair will not grow on that spot any more. You may need a doctor's care afterward, but you didn't ask about that. We believe there are specialists who can stop it with electricity, but they are very expensive.

Buzz Bee, Franklin, Minn.—When a lady wishes to keep company with a gentleman she makes it known to him by accepting his attentions with all the grace she can command. It is the man's place, however, to say about that, and if he does not wish to be your steady company, you can't coax him to be so. The man offers his attentions and if the lady wishes them, she accepts. There is no rule for that sort of conduct.

Anxious, Essex, Iowa.—In congratulating a bridal couple when you know but one, congratulate that one, and you will be introduced. Even if it should be overlooked, turn your congratulations to both just the same. It is different with a graduating class where you do not know all the members. You congratulate only those you know.

Jennie Lynn, Frazeysburg, O.—You are not old enough to "keep company" with any young man until you are out of school and have nothing else to do. (2) Call your nine girls "The Muses"—there were nine of them. Or the "Novem"—Latin for nine. Or the "N. G."—nine girls.

Abe, Birch, Nevada.—You should have offered your services as escort, and they could have accepted or not, as they pleased. Probably they could attend to the matter better without you.

Country Girl, Peninsula, O.—Simply thank the gentleman who said he was glad to meet you, or say nothing, recognizing the conventional compliment by smiling. Or you could tell him you were quite as glad to meet him. (2) Thank him for the courtesy. There is no set rule for what you shall say in response to courtesies, if you want to be natural. Say what you please so long as it pleases the other person.

Daisy, Spokane, Wash.—Certainly tell him you have enjoyed yourself, if you have. Why not? And thank anyone for any courtesy. See answer above.

Ruby, Freeport, Ill.—The ordinary depilatories will remove hair temporarily, but they are not much superior to simple shaving with a razor. Better let the hair alone. It is natural and does no harm. You should not take risks for mere looks sake.

Country Girl, Auston, Ala.—A good pimple lotion is compounded as follows: Precipitate of sulphur, spirits of camphor, and glycerine, one dram, each; rose water, four ounces. Apply night and morning, after thoroughly washing and drying the face. Be careful in your diet, eating no sweets, no fried foods, and only lean meat. Stop drinking coffee. (2) Time is the best cure for sunburn. Vaseline applied gently will soothe the pain of the first burn. If you wish something more elaborate and expensive try this: Jelly of Roses, it is called. Finest Russian isinglass, half ounce; glycerine, two ounces; rose water, six ounces; oil of rose, ten drops. Apply daily.

Blue Bell, Memphis, Tenn.—See answer above to "Miss F. J." for red face, and answer to "Country Girl," next above, for pimples.

D. C. Sigel, Ill.—If you will massage your face and neck daily using a massage cream made as follows, you may produce the results you seek: Tannin, half gram; lanoline, thirty grams; oil of sweet almonds, twenty grams; oil of rose geranium, four drops. Use the same for circles under the eyes at the same time gently massaging outward and downward to remove the congestion. Do not rub hard enough to reddens the skin.

M. Y., Minden City, Mich.—The following is a freckle lotion which is said to be very good: Corrosive sublimate, two grains; powdered borax, half dram; lemon juice, one ounce; rose water, four ounces. Apply once a day until freckles disappear. Label it "poison," and don't let the children get at it. Use it on the brown spots also.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Italian Salad

Peel four large tomatoes, shred four peppers, one large onion, one cup of chopped celery. Place in alternate layers and add salad dressing.

Curtley Petero

One half cup of lard and butter mixed, one and one half cups of light brown sugar, two eggs, one half cup of sour milk, one half teaspoonful of soda, one and one half cups of raisins, one cup of nuts, three cups of flour, and pinch of salt, drop from spoon on buttered pan, and bake in a moderate oven.

Miss ALDA STANTLY, Branchton, Pa.

Apple Cake

One egg, one third cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, and enough flour to make a little thicker than for a layer cake. Bake in quite thick layers, and put together with a generous amount of apple sauce, season both with lemon, nutmeg or cinnamon.

Mrs. BERTHA TILLSON, Melbourne, Ark.

Sweet Pickle

Six pounds peaches, three pounds sugar, one half pint good vinegar, stick with spice cloves. To make jam, put eighteen pounds sugar to twenty-four pounds of berries.

Mrs. J. H. W.

Correspondents Wanted

Peter Christopher, 1112 Eden Park Ave., Fruitvale, Cal. Miss Hulda S. Johnson, Sedgewick, S. D., April 24, 1907, young people. A. J. Stickle, Winfield, Iowa. Gertrude Snyder, Box 415, Morristown, Minn., young people, twenty-five to thirty-five years. Miss Alice Paulsen, Armstrong, R. F. D., 2, Iowa, young people. Miss Lillie M. Mann, Isis, Va. Lula A. Williams, Moneta, Los Angeles Co., Calif., young people. Miss Lillie M. Mann, Isis, Va. Charles E. Jonas, Breckenridge, Caldwell Co., Mo. Miss Lula S. Smith, and Miss Margie Riddle, Graefenberg, Ky., young people. Miss Mary Fowler, Allenville, Ky. J. O. Joches, Galice, Oreg., older people. Miss Mary Bodder, Pottstown, Pa., young people. Hazel Mae Firestone, Middleton, Fred Con. Md. Mrs. A. H. Klein, Colbert, Wash. B. L. Goodman, Everston, Whatcom Co., Wash. Miss Ethyle M. Miller, Cherry Hill, Md. Albert Laurud, Box 3, Klaras, N. D. Mrs. Eula Chisholm, 2600 Elm Ave., Zion City, Ill., letters relating the happiest or most exciting event in the writers' lives. Mrs. Ralph G. Fenner, Herkimer, N. Y., ladies only. James E. Carrylin, Box 99, Shirley, Ind. Mrs. H. B. Murphy, Conneaut, Ohio. Misses Mae and Bessie Clark, L. Box, 331, Eldon, Mo., Mrs. Mendenhall, Box 282, Fairmount, Indiana. Miss Lena Hatch, 534 Lewerenz Ave., Detroit, Mich. Mollie Vick, Sacred Heart, Okla. July 6, 1907, young people, twenty-five to thirty. Amanda Eugen, Box 18, Finley, N. Dak., young people. Mrs. Archie Painter, Milwaukee, Sta. E. R. F. D., 7, Wis., especially residents of Laporte, Ind. William J. Burke, Barnum, Wyo. Jesse Beale, Box 91, Newport, Wash. James F. Mahon, Rochester, Minn. Mr. William Stetson, Pine City, R. F. D., 1, N. Y. G. A. Ellington, Iatoosh Island, Wash.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

BOYS! Get This Rifle FREE!

This is a genuine TAKE-DOWN HUNTING RIFLE, latest model, shoots long and short 22-calibre cartridges, will kill at 100 yards. It has black walnut stock, steel barrel with rifled brass inner tube, steel frame, peep sights, lever action, automatic shell extractor. We give it for selling only 12 of our very beautiful ART PRODUCTIONS. They are just what every gentleman and lady wants. Send us your name and address for the 12 reproductions, send us the money when sold and we will at once send you the rifle. Everybody finds these easy sellers, but even if you should sell only part of them we will allow you a liberal credit. Send your name to E. R. BIRD CO., Dept. 88 • 391-393 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON, MASS.

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For 13 Years Our Premiums Always the Best IT IS EASY TO EARN

WE PAY YOU PREMIUMS by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catarrh, Croup and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Scars, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar guaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell "Mother's Salve," what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can

quality Enamel set of full size pieces—8 qt. teakettle, 3-qt. coffee pot, size of others in proportion for selling a dozen. Or earn this Genuine Black Grain Seal Hand Bag for selling 1 dozen. Finest quality with braided handle. Trimmings limited. Roman Gold. Has six pockets inside containing card cases and coin purses.

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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians. To the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

S. M. S., Groveland, Ill.—For your sore mouth try a wash of one part carbolic acid to one hundred of water. Use the wash three times a day. When you go to bed and when you get up drink a glass of hot water with a half teaspoonful of cooking soda dissolved in it. About twice a week while the sores continue, take a dose of Epsom salts in hot water before breakfast. Eat whatever you find the most digestible.

J. M., Chariton, Iowa.—We do not quite understand you, but we think you will find this an excellent vermifuge: Oil of worm seed, half ounce; oil of turpentine, two drams; castor-oil, one and a half ounces; pink root, half ounce; hydrastis, ten grains; sassafras, peppermint, half ounce. Dose for a child ten years old, teaspoonful three times a day, an hour before meals. If it purges too freely, give smaller dose. Adult the same except in severe cases, where more may be given, or until bowels move freely.

Distressed, Floyd, Ia.—At your age, and with your health, you should do nothing now, but eat plenty of nourishing food, keep in pleasant company and don't think about yourself. You will soon be in good shape, and when you have got down to hard work and are making enough to support a wife, get one, and a home of your own with a bunch of children to liven up the household and gain the good will of President Roosevelt.

Reader, Fostoria, O.—It is rather difficult to assign a cause for your headaches, knowing no more than we do of your general condition. They may come from indigestion. Are you troubled with it at all? Fostoria has good doctors handy. Consult one of them. Try bromo-seltzer when you get up.

B. F. W., Tallapoosa, Ga.—There is no simple remedy to remove the bust. Try Vaucaire's. It is as follows: Aristol, two grains; white vaseline, thirty grains; essence of peppermint, ten drops. Rub very gently with this every night. Then cover with the following compress, and keep on twelve hours: Iodide of potassium, three grains; vaseline, fifty grains; lanoline, fifty grains; tincture benzoin, twenty drops. There is nothing in vaseline that we know of, which will make the hair grow. Petroleum is good for the hair, but there is hardly enough in vaseline to be of much effect. A little vaseline rubbed into the roots of the hair, now and then, will not do any harm, and may do good.

E. P. E., Daniel, Miss.—The trouble with your eyes is that the duct which should conduct the tears off through the nasal passages is closed, and they, being unable to escape in the natural way, simply overflow. Possibly an oculist, or maybe, an ordinary physician, can remedy the trouble. We cannot.

Mrs. S. E. C., Justin, Cal.—The only remedy we know of for catarrh of the bladder is a course of treatment by a physician who knows the disease and the patient. You cannot handle it yourself.

H. E. N., Forest City, Ia.—If there is much tartar on the teeth the only way to remove it is to have it done by a dentist. After that, you can keep it off by scraping the teeth with a knife blade, as soon as you detect a little roughness the accumulating tartar. Washing the mouth with cooking soda in water is a detergent, and it will not hurt to drink a glassful or so of water with half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, once or twice a day. Reduce the acid in the mouth, and you reduce the tartar and the cause of it.

Margie, Mt. Pleasant, Texas.—There are dozens of remedies for constipation, which are known to all persons. If you have tried them all and have found no relief, you must consult a physician. Even they are helpless, frequently, and suffer with it themselves. We are inclined to believe that the rules of physical culture, with especial reference to exercise of the muscles surrounding and controlling the stomach and bowels is the best remedy. It fails for work and application, but it helps nature more than medicine does. Get a book on Physical Culture and read it.

Mrs. W. C. Lemon, 616 Winchester Ave., Sheffield Station, Kansas City, Mo., would like to have the address of N. V. H. Merritt who sometime ago told of a consumption cure in this column.

J. J. J., St. Louis, Mo.—It is impossible to answer your questions in this column, as simple as they are. Go to any physician, and ask him what you have asked us, telling him that you are unable to pay and he will be glad to tell you what you want to know. Probably the best place for you to go would be to the physicians in some of the city hospitals, or to some woman physician. You are seeking a kind of information that physicians of the better class make no charge for. Don't go to a cheap doctor and don't be afraid to ask for what you want to know. You are quite right as far as you know already.

Sunflower Girl, Howard, Kans.—A bunion is a hard thing to cure, and there is no immediate remedy. It is the result of gradual pressure and friction, and its relief is as gradual. First wear a shoe that is the easiest possible, then poultice with any of the ordinary poultices. Sometimes only the doctor's lancet will produce relief. Bunions plasters, to be had at drug stores, are oftentimes very efficient. The first thing to do, however, is to wear the right kind of shoe. You can tell that by the feeling.

Mrs. J. L. S., Crooked Creek, Pa.—It is more than probable that the little one died without pain. Your physician should be able to give you definite information as to the cause of death. It is not usual for children to die suddenly as older persons do. Only such a blow on the throat as the child could scarcely have received would have proved fatal instantly. If she had suffered at all, there would have been signs of it. Don't worry over what the Lord willed to do in His own way.

Miss E., Brunswick, Neb.—Maybe you have neuralgia. That aches the face worse than anything. We think if you will simply rub your face, that is, massage it, not too strong, but enough to get the circulation going properly and do it every night and morning, you will work the pain out. Girls of nineteen should be strong and well. Don't take medicine, but take exercise and get the sunshine.

Subscriber, Jones, Mich.—Cold sores come from defective indigestion about as much as anything else, and if you eat the right kind of food and assimilate it properly, which is good digestion, you won't have them. Take Epsom salts at their first appearance and continue it until they disappear, dieting yourself in the mean time.

BIG MAIL IF YOU WANT TO RECEIVE Lots of Letters, Papers, Magazines etc., send me 10c, and we will put your name **FREE** with others which we send to manufacturers, publishers, and supply houses. You also get our new *Big Mail* card for one year, on trial, all for 10c. Don't miss this chance. Address at once YANKEE PUB. CO., 4 Aldine St., Boston, Mass.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Requests from Shut-ins

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Another year has passed over our heads and God has spared my life, so I feel I must write a few lines to you. Now, dear sisters, do you know I am a great sufferer? I know some of you do, from the lovely letters and tokens I have received. Dear Comfort sisters, you will never know the joy it gives me to be remembered by you. I am in bed all the time and I am never without pain only when I have morphine.

Miss Annie and Sophie Blaschke, Beeville, Texas Did you receive my letter? I admire drawwork, such as you do, and should love to receive small pieces from you or any other workers. Please write me soon. I should also be pleased to hear from any of the sisters.

EDITH FISHLICK, 189 Fourth St., Wyandotte, Mich.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Mrs. Margaret Wooton, Fair Oaks, Ind., is an invalid, has been in bed for two years. Will you please remember her with some useful tokens of remembrance and receive my thanks in advance. I will answer all letters with stamps inclosed.

A SISTER.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a shut-in of fifty-two years. I would like to receive pieces of any kind for quilts and also reading matter.

MES FANNIE GRIFFITH, Blaine, Ky.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a great sufferer and have been for years; at present a preacher comes to me and prays for Divine Healing. I am writing to ask the Comfort sisters to also remember me in their prayers, for I believe and know that the Lord hears and can heal me. With loving wishes,

MRS. JOSEPH W. STUART, Frankfort, Ind.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

As I am an invalid and have not been able to walk for two years from spinal trouble, I would be pleased if some of you would send me some silk and velvet pieces for a slumber-robe and some letters and cards. Please remember me from time to time, as every little helps to while away the time as I sit in my chair all day.

DOROTHY L. GILLETTE, Westerville R. F. D., 4, Ohio.

Miscellaneous Requests

S. F. Lancaster, Lancaster, Ga. Silk, satin or velvet pieces for quilts.

Miss Anna R. Paulusik, Export, R. F. D., 1, Pa. Any shade of ribbon, one half yard, for a friendship cane, send name and address.

F. A. Eidsen, Box 62, Springdale, R. F. D., 1, Ark. Blocks of bleached muslin with name and address worked or stamped.

May Rhoades, Milton, R. F. D., 98, N. Y. Yarn of any color, or bits of silkateen, silk, or anything for fancy work.

Mrs. John Preston, Arctic, Dell Co., N. Y. Pieces of silk, satin, velvet and also pattern for crocheting lace and cross-stitch design.

Maria Dora Main, Crystal, Maine. Ribbon one yard long and two or three inches wide.

Mrs. Alice Blackburn, Schofield, Wis. Pieces of silk, satin, or velvet. Favors returned if possible.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am tempted to turn to you for sympathy and maybe help. I lost my house and most everything in it by fire. It is very hard for me and put us in a bad fix. Letters, pieces of any kind, clothing or anything would be welcomed and highly appreciated by a low-spirited sister.

DORA WOLFE, Allegheny Station, Va.

Will those who have written me in regard to Poke Berries and failed to receive answer, please write again, for we have had sickness and some of the letters have become lost.

Mrs. M. J. HITE, Eddyville, Neb.

Will some sister send me or tell me where I can get a "California Yellow Bell."

Mrs. T. HOMER CRAFT, Dennis Mills, La.

Could any of the readers send me some elk's teeth. I will pay postage.

A. N. Sorenson, Gustave, S. D.

Do any of the sisters know of a remedy for what is called corrupted tumor. It has been cut out but it came back again. I would be very thankful to hear of some remedy.

NELLIE ALEN, Perry, Ill.

Can any of the sisters send me the old song entitled "Shells of the Ocean."

MRS. HENRY CARVER, Box 302, Augusta, Ill.

Comfort Postal Request

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your members exchange in souvenirs postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. Some parties have received hundreds and hundreds of cards from just having their name inserted here. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We know any one can do it for mere pocket money, and we have a very large assortment of elegant Souvenir Post Cards. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. As we have thousands of cards, we are ready to exchange for any collection without any outlet for your part whatever. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assort up. You can return your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

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MRS. HENRY CARVER, Box 302, Augusta, Ill.

Comfort Postal Request

I'll send you 100 Genuine Key West Havana Seconds for Two Dollars

ROUGH and ready affairs—not much to look at—but you're not smoking appearance—you're smoking tobacco, and the tobacco in these cigars is of the sort that goes into ten-cent cigars. To be very frank the only way that I can possibly produce these cigars at the money is, because the pieces of tobacco in 'em are too short for fine shapes, and, therefore, they become what we manufacturers call "Seconds."

I am really selling you two dollars' worth of Havana tobacco at Tobacco value with nothing added for rolling it into cigars. And I haven't wasted any money to make a good looking box or paste pretty pictures on it.

I won't guarantee that I can produce enough cigars to supply all the demand I shall receive, and therefore will not sell more than 100 at \$2.00 to any one smoker. So if you really care to participate in this offer, my personal advice to you is to get your order in the mail tonight. If after receiving the cigars and trying them, you are not satisfied, I'll return your money without delay.

Incidentally I want to say that I am the largest manufacturer in the world selling cigars directly to the consumer. I am the only manufacturer selling strictly for cash. Credit accounts mean losses—can't help it—bound to be that way. Manufacturers selling on credit must make you pay their losses. Credit accounts mean expensive bookkeeping methods and many clerks. What I save in this way goes into my cigars.

My business integrity can be verified by referring to Dun or Bradstreet's, or the United States Exchange Bank of New York City. I have been in business for a great many years, and have built up my business through building up my reputation. Both have cost me thousands of dollars. Depend upon it that I am not going to throw away either my business standing or my reputation for the sake of your Two Dollars by disappointing you.

I want to come into personal contact with every new customer and therefore when you write, address your envelope "to the proprietor of"

Lord Edwin Cigar Co.
1105 Flatiron Bldg., N. Y.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Sudden Attacks of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain on left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in Sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful Sensation in heart, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swellings of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

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ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

the grotesque flicker of the flames on the burnished andirons.

"Edna, are you tired, or can you sing some for me?"

"Reading aloud rarely fatigues me. What shall I sing?"

"That solemn, weird thing in the 'Prophet,' which suits your voice so well."

She sang "Ah, mon fils!" and then, without waiting for the request which she knew would follow, gave him some of his favorite Scotch songs.

As the last sweet strains of "Mary of Argyll" echoed through the study, the pastor shut his eyes, and memory flew back to the early years when his own wife Mary had sung those words in that room, and his dead darlings clustered eagerly around the piano to listen to their mother's music.

Edna thought he had fallen asleep, he was so still, his face was so placid; and she came softly back to her chair and looked at the ruby temples and towers, the glittering domes and ash-gray ruined arcades built by the oak coals.

A month had elapsed since her arrival at the parsonage, and during that short period Mr. Hammond had rallied and recovered his strength so unexpectedly that hopes were entertained of his entire restoration; and he spoke confidently of being able to reenter his pulpit on Easter Sunday.

The society of his favorite pupil seemed to render him completely happy, and his countenance shone in the blessed light that gladdened his heart.

In all of Edna's literary schemes he entered eagerly.

Mrs. Murray came every day to the parsonage, but Edna had not visited Le Bocage; and though Mr. Murray spent two mornings of each week with Mr. Hammond, he called at stated hours, and she had not yet met him. Twice she had heard his voice in earnest conversation, and several times she had seen his tall figure coming up the walk, but of his features she caught not a glimpse. St. Elmo's name had never been mentioned in her presence by either his mother or the pastor, but Hulda talked ceaselessly of his kindness to her. Knowing the days on which he came to the parsonage, Edna always absented herself from the invalid's room until the visit was over.

One afternoon she went to the church to play on the organ; and after an hour of mournful enjoyment in the gallery so fraught with precious reminiscences, she left the church and found Tamerlane tied to the iron gate, but his master was not visible. She knew that he was somewhere in the building or yard, and denied herself the pleasure of going there a second time.

Neither glance nor word had been exchanged since they parted at the railroad station, eighteen months before. She longed to know his opinion of her book, for many passages had been written with special reference to his perusal; but she would not ask; and it was a sore trial to sit in one room, hearing the low, indistinct murmur of his voice in the next, and yet never to see him.

Few women could have withstood the temptation; but the orphan dreaded his singular power over her heart, and dared not trust herself in his presence.

This evening, as she sat with the firelight shining on her face, thinking of the past, she could not realize that only two years had elapsed since she came daily to this quiet room to recite her lessons; for during that time she had suffered so keenly in mind and body that it seemed as if weary ages had gone over her young head. Involuntarily she sighed, and passed her hand across her forehead. A low tap at the door diverted her thoughts, and a servant entered and gave her a package of letters from New York.

Every mail brought one from Felix; and now opening his first, a tender smile parted her lips as she read his passionate, importunate appeal for her speedy return, and saw that the closing lines were blotted with tears. The remaining eight letters were from persons unknown to her, and contained requests for autographs and photographs, for short sketches for papers in different sections of the country, and also various inquiries concerning the time when her new book would probably be ready for press. All were kind, friendly, gratifying, and one was eloquent with thanks for the good effect produced by a magazine article on a dissipated, irreligious husband and father, who, after its perusal, had resolved to reform, and wished her to know the beneficial influence which she exerted. At the foot of the page was a line penned by the rejoicing wife, invoking heaven's choicest blessings on the author's head.

"Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?" Edna felt that her wages were munificent indeed; that her coffers were filling, and though the "Thank God!" was not audible, the great joy in her uplifted eyes attracted the attention of the pastor, who had been silently watching her, and he laid his hand on hers.

"What is it, my dear?"

"The reward God has given me!"

She read aloud the contents of the letter, and there was a brief silence, broken at last by Mr. Hammond.

"Edna, my child, are you really happy?"

"So happy that I believe the wealth of California could not buy this sheet of paper, which assures me that I have been instrumental in bringing sunshine to a darkened household; in calling the head of a family from haunts of vice and midnight orgies back to his wife and children; back to the shrine of prayer at his own hearthstone! I have not lived in vain, for through my work a human soul has been brought to Jesus, and I thank God that I am accounted worthy to labor in my Lord's vineyard!"

The old man's eyes filled as he noted the radiance of the woman's lovely face.

"You have indeed cause for gratitude and great joy, as you realize all the good you are destined to accomplish, and I know the rapture of saving souls, for, through God's grace, I believe I have snatched some from the brink of ruin. But, Edna, can the triumph of your genius, the applause of the world, the approval of conscience, even the assurance that you are laboring successfully for the cause of Christ—laboring successfully for the cause of Christ—can all these things satisfy your womanly heart—your loving, tender heart? My child, there is a dreary look sometimes in your eyes, that reveals loneliness, almost weariness of life. I have studied your countenance closely when it was in repose; I read it I think without errors. Edna, are you perfectly contented with your lot?"

A shadow drifted slowly over the marble face,

and though it settled on no feature, the whole countenance was changed.

"I cannot say that I am perfectly content, and yet I would not exchange places with any woman I know."

"Do you ever regret a step which you took one evening, yonder in my church?"

"No, sir, I do not regret it. I often thank God that I was able to obey my conscience and take that step."

"Suppose that in struggling up the steep path of duty one soul needs the encouragement, the cheering companionship which only one other human being can give? Will the latter be guiltless if the aid is obstinately withheld?"

"Suppose the latter feels that in joining hands both would stumble?"

"You would not, oh, Edna! you would lift each other to noble heights! Each life would be perfect, complete. My child, will you let me tell you some things that ought to—"

She threw up her hand, with that old, childish gesture which he remembered so well, and shook her head.

"No, sir; no sir! Please tell me nothing that will rouse a sorrow I am striving to drug."

"My dear little Edna, as I look at you and think of your future, I am troubled about you. I wish I could confidently say to you, what that same St. Chrysostom wrote to Pentadia: 'For I know your great and lofty soul, which can sail as with a fair wind through many tempests, and in the midst of the waves enjoy a white calm.'"

She turned and took the minister's hand in hers, while an indescribable peace settled on her countenance, and stilled the trembling of her low, sweet voice:

"Across the stormy billows of life, that 'white calm' of eternity is rimming the water-line, coming to meet me. Already the black pilot-boat heaves in sight; I hear the signal, and Death will soon take the helm and steer my little bark safely into the shining rest, into God's 'white calm.'"

She went to the piano and sung, as a solo, "Night's Shade no Longer," from Moses in Egypt.

While the pastor listened, he murmured to himself:

"Sublime is the faith of a lonely soul
In pain and trouble cherished;
Sublime the spirit of hope that lives
When earthly hope has perished."

She turned over the sheets of music, hunting for a German hymn of which Mr. Hammond was very fond, but he called her back to the fireplace.

"My dear, do you recollect that beautiful passage in Faber's 'Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches'? There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give."

"No, sir; I never read the book. Something in that passage brings to my mind those words of Martin Luther's, which explain so many of the 'spotted inscriptions' of this earth: 'Our Lord God doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backward. We see and feel well His setting, but we shall read the print yonder, in the life to come!'"

At this moment the doorbell rang, and soon after the servant brought in a telegraphic dispatch, addressed to Mr. Hammond.

It was from Gordon Leigh, announcing his arrival in New York, and stating that he and Gertrude would reach the parsonage some time during the ensuing week.

Edna went into the kitchen to superintend the preparation of the minister's supper; and when she returned and placed the waiter on the table near his chair, she told him that she must go back to New York immediately after the arrival of Gordon and Gertrude, as her services would no longer be required at the parsonage and her pupils needed her.

Two days passed without any further allusion to a subject which was evidently uppermost in Mr. Hammond's mind.

On the morning of the third, Mrs. Murray said, as she rose to conclude her visit: "You are so much better, sir, that I must claim Edna for a day at least. She has not yet been to Le Bocage; and as she goes away so soon, I want to take her home with me this morning. Clara Inge promised me that she would stay with you until evening. Edna, get your bonnet. I shall be entirely alone today, for St. Elmo has carried Hulda to the plantation, and they will not get home until late. So, my dear, we shall have the house all to ourselves."

The orphan could not deny herself the happiness offered; she knew that she ought not to go, but for once her strength failed her, she yielded to the temptation.

During the drive Mrs. Murray talked cheerfully of various things, and for the first time laid aside entirely the haughty constraint which had distinguished her manner since they traveled south from New York.

They entered the avenue, and Edna gave herself up to the rushing recollections which were so mournfully sweet. As they went into the house, and the servants hurried forward to welcome her, she could not repress her tears. She felt that this was her home, her heart's home; and as numerous familiar objects met her eyes, Mrs. Murray saw that she was almost overwhelmed by her emotions.

"I wonder if there is any other place on earth half so beautiful!" murmured the governess several hours later, as they sat looking out over the lawn, where the deer and sheep were browsing.

"Certainly not to our partial eyes. And yet without you, my child, it does not seem like home. It is the only home where you will ever be happy."

"Yes, I know it; but it cannot be mine. Mrs.

Murray; I want to see my own little room."

"Certainly; you know the way. I will join you there presently. Nobody has occupied it since you left, for I feel toward your room as I once felt toward the empty cradle of my dear child."

Edna went upstairs alone and closed the door of the apartment she had so long called hers, and looked with childish pleasure and affection at the rosewood furniture.

Turning to the desk where she had written much that the world now praised and loved, she saw a vase containing a superb bouquet, with a card attached by a strip of ribbon. The hot-house flowers were arranged with exquisite taste, and the orphan's cheeks glowed suddenly as she recognized Mr. Murray's handwriting on the card: "For Edna Earl." When she took up the bouquet a small envelope similarly addressed, dropped out.

For some minutes she stood irresolute, fearing to trust herself with the contents; then she drew a chair to the desk, sat down, and broke the seal:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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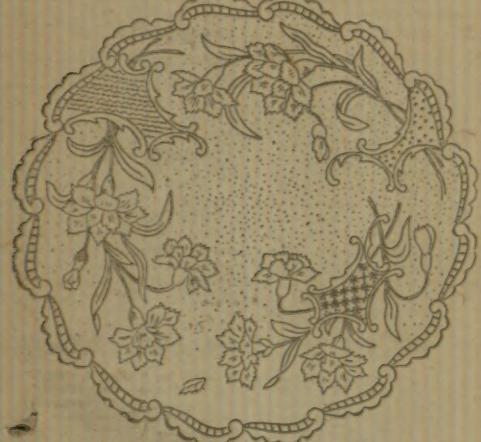
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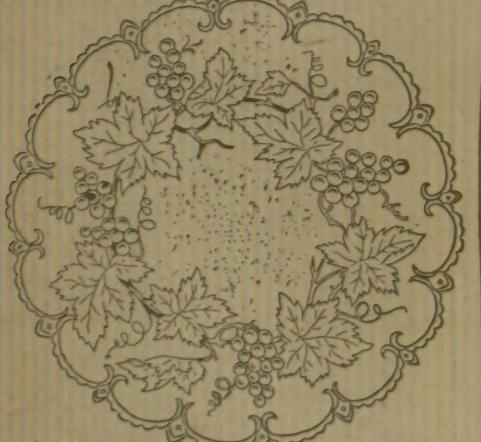


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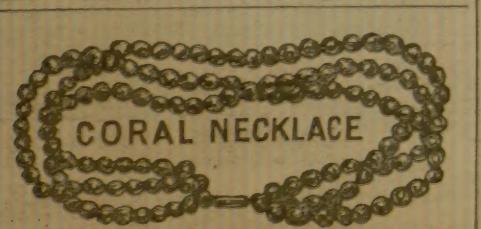
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German Silver Knife.

For Ladies' Workbasket or Gentlemen's Vest Pocket.

The illustration is exact size of knife which is perfectly plain, polished GERMAN SILVER, without rivets or bolsters in sight. Has two good-sized blades for general use, and is very thin and neat to carry in the pocket, but more especially is this knife suited for a Ladies' Workbasket as a ripping blade is always useful in dress-making, in fact a good knife is useful a good many times about the house. As a desk knife or paper cutter these blades, with a keen edge are just the thing. Children enjoy a knife and have many uses for them in their school work and play, and knives are good instant relatives free of accidents, though they are not extravagant for them to possibly lose. We have a great quantity secured at a tremendous advantage, the benefit of which we give our customers. You won't find another opportunity to secure such an attractive, all metal knife with polished plain silver handle, two good quality steel blades for a small club.

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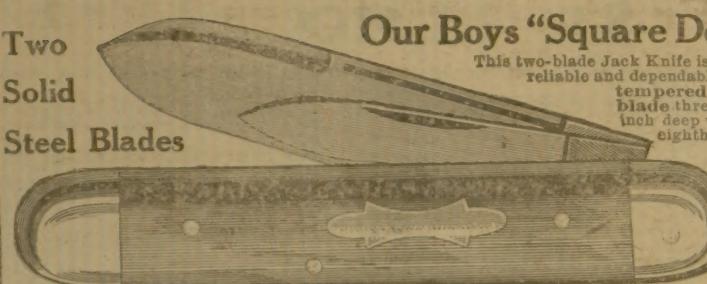
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This two-blade Jack Knife is for good sturdy work, where a reliable and dependable knife is wanted. Has two tempered steel blades, one large blade three inches long and one half an inch deep with a two-inch blade three eighths of an inch deep. The handle is cocobola wood set between polished steel bolsters. Brass lined, brass riveted. Is sold and guaranteed. Has a nickel plate inset for initials to be engraved. The illustration is the exact size of the knife, it is a large and handsome knife that will give excellent service

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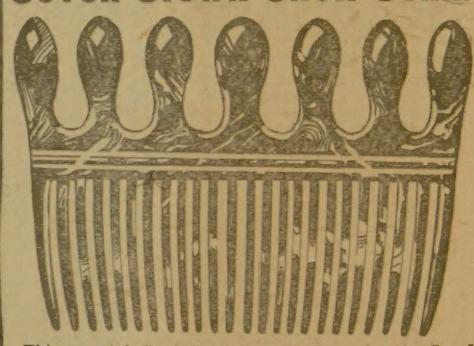
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NEW TARGET GAME

Who Can Kill Teddy Bear, Playing This Harmless, Amusing, Indoor Game?

SEND for one of these complete target games and enjoy the newest craze and the greatest fun maker out; printed on strong muslin, standing two feet high. Similar to the famous "Donkey" game of years ago, but more exciting, and is thoroughly enjoyed by old and young alike. It is safe, simple and enjoyable, entertaining a whole household by creating innocent rivalry. The trick is to kill "Teddy" by taking accurate aim at his heart and wielding the fatal stroke. Directions are very simple; just this: Hang the Bear flat on the wall or on a door, take a position six or eight feet away, take aim with arching extended, close eyes and walk forward until finger hits wall. If you have placed your finger on the Bear it counts 10, if within a ring, count as marked therein. The highest total score wins, and each one is to have five trials. Each target is marked with concentric circles, numbered 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000, 10100, 10200, 10300, 10400, 10500, 10600, 10700, 10800, 10900, 11000, 11100, 11200, 11300, 11400, 11500, 11600, 11700, 11800, 11900, 12000, 12100, 12200, 12300, 12400, 12500, 12600, 12700, 12800, 12900, 13000, 13100, 13200, 13300, 13400, 13500, 13600, 13700, 13800, 13900, 14000, 14100, 14200, 14300, 14400, 14500, 14600, 14700, 14800, 14900, 15000, 15100, 15200, 15300, 15400, 15500, 15600, 15700, 15800, 15900, 16000, 16100, 16200, 16300, 16400, 16500, 16600, 16700, 16800, 16900, 17000, 17100, 17200, 17300, 17400, 17500, 17600, 17700, 17800, 17900, 18000, 18100, 18200, 18300, 18400, 18500, 18600, 18700, 18800, 18900, 19000, 19100, 19200, 19300, 19400, 19500, 19600, 19700, 19800, 19900, 20000, 20100, 20200, 20300, 20400, 20500, 20600, 20700, 20800, 20900, 21000, 21100, 21200, 21300, 21400, 21500, 21600, 21700, 21800, 21900, 22000, 22100, 22200, 22300, 22400, 22500, 22600, 22700, 22800, 22900, 23000, 23100, 23200, 23300, 23400, 23500, 23600, 23700, 23800, 23900, 24000, 24100, 24200, 24300, 24400, 24500, 24600, 24700, 24800, 24900, 25000, 25100, 25200, 25300, 25400, 25500, 25600, 25700, 25800, 25900, 26000, 26100, 26200, 26300, 26400, 26500, 26600, 26700, 26800, 26900, 27000, 27100, 27200, 27300, 27400, 27500, 27600, 27700, 27800, 27900, 28000, 28100, 28200, 28300, 28400, 28500, 28600, 28700, 28800, 28900, 29000, 29100, 29200, 29300, 29400, 29500, 29600, 29700, 29800, 29900, 30000, 30100, 30200, 30300, 30400, 30500, 30600, 30700, 30800, 30900, 31000, 31100, 31200, 31300, 31400, 31500, 31600, 31700, 31800, 31900, 32000, 32100, 32200, 32300, 32400, 32500, 32600, 32700, 32800, 32900, 33000, 33100, 33200, 33300, 33400, 33500, 33600, 33700, 33800, 33900, 34000, 34100, 34200, 34300, 34400, 34500, 34600, 34700, 34800, 34900, 35000, 35100, 35200, 35300, 35400, 35500, 35600, 35700, 35800, 35900, 36000, 36100, 36200, 36300, 36400, 36500, 36600, 36700, 36800, 36900, 37000, 37100, 37200, 37300, 37400, 37500, 37600, 37700, 37800, 37900, 38000, 38100, 38200, 38300, 38400, 38500, 38600, 38700, 38800, 38900, 39000, 39100, 39200, 39300, 39400, 39500, 39600, 39700, 39800, 39900, 40000, 40100, 40200, 40300, 40400, 40500, 40600, 40700, 40800, 40900, 41000, 41100, 41200, 41300, 41400, 41500, 41600, 41700, 41800, 41900, 42000, 42100, 42200, 42300, 42400, 42500, 42600, 42700, 42800, 42900, 43000, 43100, 43200, 43300, 43400, 43500, 43600, 43700, 43800, 43900, 44000, 44100, 44200, 44300, 44400, 44500, 44600, 44700, 44800, 44900, 45000, 45100, 45200, 45300, 45400, 45500, 45600, 45700, 45800, 45900, 46000, 46100, 46200, 46300, 46400, 46500, 46600, 46700, 46800, 46900, 47000, 47100, 47200, 47300, 47400, 47500, 47600, 47700, 47800, 47900, 48000, 48100, 48200, 48300, 48400, 48500, 48600, 48700, 48800, 48900, 49000, 49100, 49200, 49300, 49400, 49500, 49600, 49700, 49800, 49900, 50000, 50100, 50200, 50300, 50400, 50500, 50600, 50700, 50800, 50900, 51000, 51100, 51200, 51300, 51400, 51500, 51600, 51700, 51800, 51900, 52000, 52100, 52200, 52300, 52400, 52500, 52600, 52700, 52800, 52900, 53000, 53100, 53200, 53300, 53400, 53500, 53600, 53700, 53800, 53900, 54000, 54100, 54200, 54300, 54400, 54500, 54600, 54700, 54800, 54900, 55000, 55100, 55200, 55300, 55400, 55500, 55600, 55700, 55800, 55900, 56000, 56100, 56200, 56300, 56400, 56500, 56600, 56700, 56800, 56900, 57000, 57100, 57200, 57300, 57400, 57500, 57600, 57700, 57800, 57900, 58000, 58100, 58200, 58300, 58400,

GENUINE RICHTER HARMONICA
... Richter ...
Every person knows that the "Richter" is the popular standard of harmonicas. Ten keys, handsome nickel mounts and case in one. Here you have the opportunity of buying a genuine "Richter." All persons with an ear for music will appreciate this instrument.

MUSIC, MONEY & PUZZLE. A four-inch cylinder Harmonica, a coin Holder and a Puzzle all in one. The soft, sweet tones of this round harmonica are superior to many others. It has a very strong, clear, resonant tone, owing to the reinforcement of the instrument by being wholly encased in the metal cylinder. In addition to holding a first-class Mouth Organ, it has combined with it a cute Six-Spot Puzzles and a Coin Holder for nickels, five cent pieces, dimes, quarters and small change. Five pieces of money can be carried in this end of the instrument. The puzzle is fascinating and good practice for the eye, nerves and mind.

POCKET TALKING MACHINE. Here is a pocket machine that beats all. Carry one of these Marry-phona talkers around in your pocket and you will find fun and laughter by the barrel. When you meet a friend stretching his neck to break the eleventh commandment you begin to operate your talking machine, and when you announce "Hello" a few times, the laugh is contagious and the fun begins. This convenient portable talking machine is a new and clever device for reproducing sounds made by human voices and is a wonderfully correct imitation sufficient to startle people who are the least bit nervous, or have a dislike for the uncanny noises you can make in the dark. It is durable and will last a lifetime, can be carried in the pocket, and operated there or anywhere.

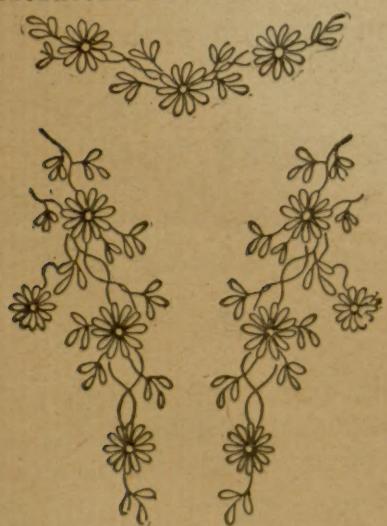
THE MAGIC FORTUNE TELLER. Its answers to your questions are quickly given. Its replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It is so arranged that it will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you ask it. Being constructed on strictly scientific principles the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it were alive and its replies are referred to you as though of the same mouth. It is a money maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as our agent and sell the Magic Fortune Teller to others.

CORAL NECKLACE. Every Girl or Woman delights in wearing a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is a very expensive that few can afford. The necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand, beautifully delicate coral pink necklace of just the most expensive material.

A GREAT BIG BOX FULL OF PRETTY VENETIAN BEADS in a Great Many Sizes and Shapes. In this assortment you will find sufficient quantity of like beads to make several useful and stylish articles for personal use. Many persons have developed such skill and taste with beads that they can now make beautiful imitation Indian articles, such as a child's dress or chamois head of varied color, or a wampum necklace of large sized beads. This article is chiefly a box of our beads, some strong linen thread and a needle, and they will amuse children for months. This great variety of beads, nearly eleven hundred, is packed in a fine, round, wood-turned box with cover that fits securely so the beads are not likely to ever be spilled.

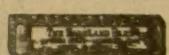
Please read carefully our descriptive matter above, also note our illustrations. In all cases will our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. Send us only two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, at 15 cents each for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will go forward same day at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Perforated Shirt-waist and Collar design. We call your particular attention to this very dainty Shirt-waist and Collar design, perforated upon the Linen Bond Parchment Paper, furnished with complete directions that any lady can stamp her own shirt waist, worth in any art store at least 75 cents. We can furnish each in the following designs, if the one you send does not please you: Violet, daisy, forget-me-not, wild rose or chrysanthemum. Special Offer. We will send you one of these Shirt-waist patterns if you will send us one yearly subscriber to this magazine at 15c. and include one additional, making 20c. in all.

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A strong, easily mounted instrument, giving clear, distinct notes without effort. These imported Harmonicas are better and better each year. The Highland Band Instrument is of such great superiority over the usual harmonica we know it will give universal satisfaction and increase a demand for harmonicas.

EVERY WOMAN NEEDS THIS CABINET OF PINS. A Cabinet of Toilet Pins with black, white, green, pearl and other colored heads of indestructible crystal. To hold the color, wrist, veil and a great many other places where a pin head is visible these pins are just the thing. They have thin, sharp steel points.

INDESTRUCTIBLE PEARL TOP PINS.

These pearl shape pearl top pins are 1 1/2 inches long and will last a lifetime. For waist fronts, collars, front and back of dresses, millinery and in numerous other ways will the ladies find these pins very useful and handy.

EASY MUSIC CHEAP. New Chart of Chords for the Piano. A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ Without a Teacher. There have been many so called methods and charts designed but this is the latest and best. It is intended for those who have not the time to take lessons. A complete self-taught enabling anyone to play the piano or organ at sight. This chart is the practical result of years of study by a noted American composer and musician. With this chart anyone becomes an expert pianist, playing accompaniments to the most difficult songs at sight, as well as dance music, marches, etc. These charts are valuable to the advanced musician, as well as the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simplest chart ever published, and is endorsed by teachers and musicians throughout. To introduce this chart in every home, we will send free with each chart the "GIANT ALBUM OF SONGS," containing 184 Songs, with words and music. Among the famous hits, "I Won't Be a Nun" and "The Mountain Maid's Invitation." Also new and old favorites, and war songs.

DOLLS AS BIG AS BABY. These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes are attractive for either very young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken, nor can baby pull them apart. The bright colored cheeks and red lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different dolls in their family. Bright colors, artistic and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, make faces and legs can be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cuts, just presented, is a most successful result of long weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position. Will last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before.

PICTURE FRAME FREE. We will send especially packed and protected, all charges paid, one of the beautiful colored bright reds, all surrounded and accented by the superb oval pressed metal frame so charmingly decorative and serviceable. A series of these pictures add to the attractiveness of any room.

So one cannot get too many of these and Pictures. Remember, the Frames are all fitted with rings, etc., on the back ready to hang them as soon as you get them. We cannot in any way describe them to give you any idea how pretty they are or what a fine appearance they make in a room. Fine Pictures always set off a home to the best advantage and the great artists get fabulous sums for Water-Color Paintings from which these subjects are taken. The best part of it all, though, is the fact that you can now get a real nice strong and hand-decorated Metal Oval Frame, the effect is very stunning indeed.

The golden glow set off by the combination of pale pinks, shaded yellows and browns, dainty greens and

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BEAUTIFUL FAC-SIMILE WATER COLORS IN STRONG AND PRETTY ART METAL FRAMES WITH HANGER ON BACK ALL READY TO FASTEN ON THE WALL. PROVIDING A COMPLETE AND READY-TO-HANG PICTURE FOR IMMEDIATE USE.

Never before have our readers been offered the opportunity of getting a **Genuine Strong Picture Frame** made mostly in sections by hand and have been very expensive, so it has made it impossible to offer a **Beautiful Framed Picture** to be sent by express or mail, as we do now.

The cost of transportation has always been so great on heavy and cumbersome wood picture frames that the people have been obliged to go without many beautiful works of art on account of not being able to pay the exorbitant price charged at Picture Frame stores for suitable frames to put around their pictures, so the pictures have been laid away to spoil. You can now decorate all of your rooms in a pretty and artistic manner. A wonderful new machine has been invented to make these elegant Metal Oval Picture Frames, so they can be gotten up quickly, and while they can turn them out very rapidly from **Pressed Bronze Metal**, the frames we are using on the **Pretty Water Color effect Pictures**, one of which is illustrated in a very poor way here, are **Indestructible**.

We have a variety of fine subjects, but the most popular are the line of **Beautiful Women**, such as the one shown in our illustration here in black and white. It is called "Spring," and was a prize winner at the American Art Institute in Chicago.

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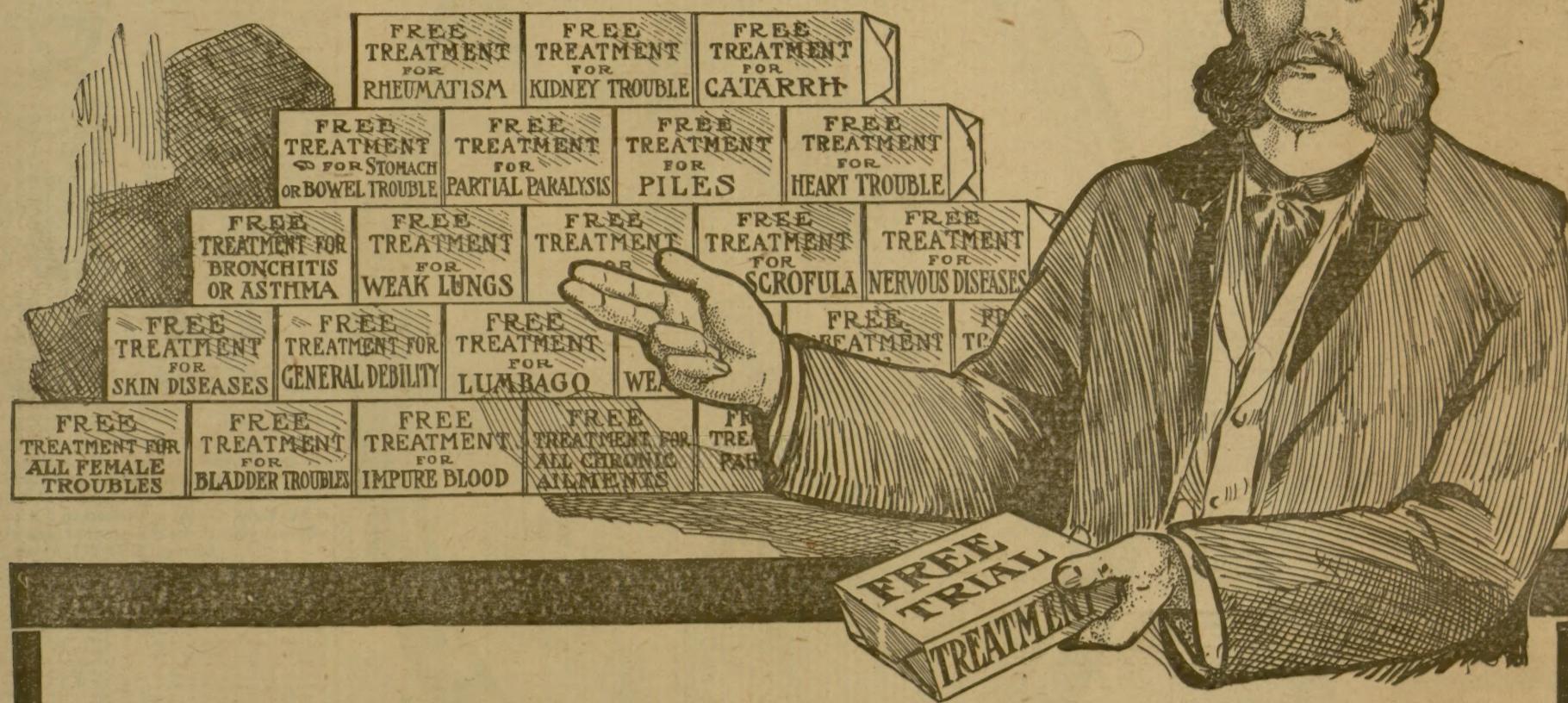
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To the sick and suffering—to every man—to every woman in poor health, this offer is made—made in the absolute faith and sincere belief that my treatment will cure you and lift you up again to perfect health and vigor. I have a right to ask you to believe what I say—to have faith in my treatment, because thousands and thousands of grateful cured patients prove my word—prove the virtue of my treatment. I don't ask you to believe me. I don't ask you to believe them. Doubt if you wish. Wise men doubt, but only fools refuse to be convinced.

I Want a Chance to Convince You

I want to give you positive proof, convincing evidence. I want to remove all doubt—all question—all suspicion—all lack of faith—and I want to pay the cost of this proof—all of it—to the very last penny myself.

I have put my life into this work—I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better"—but thousands of desperate sufferers *hearty and strong and big and well*; and their letters are in my hands to prove every word I say.

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These remedies have cured thousands of cases—nearly every disease—and they *do* cure and I believe they will cure *you*—make you well—and bring you back to health and the joy of living!

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Will you let me do this for you—will you let me prove it—brother and sister sufferers? Are you willing to trust a master physician who not only *makes* this offer but *publishes* it and then sends the test and proof of his remedies without a penny of cost to any one except himself?

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